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BALLADS AND STORIES

— FOR —

Readings with Musical Accompaniments

— FOR —

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS, CHURCH SOCIALS,
SCHOOLS, AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH,

Author of "Poems for Christmas, Easter and New Years,
"Zig Zag Journeys," "Story of the Hymns; Librettos
of "Under the Palms," "David, the Shepherd
Boy," "Faith Triumphant," etc.

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PREFACE.

Some years ago an eminent English elocutionist delighted English audiences by readings with musical accompaniments. He came to America, and met with like success for a time, but impaired health compelled him to leave the platform. His methods were in part successfully followed by several American public readers. Among the favorite selections for readings with musical effects were Longfellow's "Blind Girl," introducing a distant peasant song, and "Robert of Sicily," introducing the "Magnificat." These pieces became favorites in schools, and popular at school exhibitions.

The plan of this book was suggested, in part, by the fact that certain articles by the writer had been used for imitative music, and been favorably received by audiences. The writer thought that he saw a field for other work of this kind, and, having written considerably for choral societies, schools, and young people, was encouraged to make the experiment of preparing a volume of readings with musical effects. Many of the selections for reading are original, though a part of them, that were written by the editor, have appeared before in papers and magazines, without music. He is indebted to D. Lothrop for permission to use "How Dot Heard the Messiah," which originally appeared in "Wide Awake," and to Messrs. Estes and Lauriat for the use of several poems which originally appeared in the "Zig Zag" books, and in "Poems for Christmas, Easter, and New Years," also to Miss Kate Sanborn for use of poem which he originally wrote for "Grandmother's Garden."

That the reader may wish that the preparation of a work of this kind might have fallen to more skillful hands, the author has reason to expect, but he hopes that the reader may yet be pleased that something is being done in behalf of a kind of amusement that should prove instructing and elevating, while it is also entertaining, and will kindly recognize that in the large field for healthy educational recreations and amusements, the purpose is a good one that seeks to meet usefully the popular want.

H. B.

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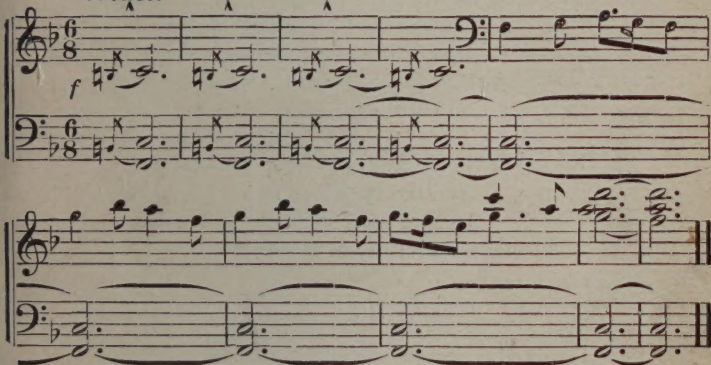
THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF DERRY.

INTRODUCING MUSIC OF THE "HUMORS OF KERRY," AND
SONG TO SING IN AN ANTE-ROOM.

(Selected and adapted from the poems of Michael Scanlan.)

(*Piano.*)

Vivace.



When I was a bachelor, young and hearty,
 Comfort taking,
 Merry-making,
The pride of each frolic and party,
I had friends whom I loved and who loved me,
 I was full of youth's fires
 And wild desires
And gave play to each spirit that moved me.
 Unburdened by care
 I went to the fair
And danced to the Humors of Kerry,
 The gayest of boys
 For frolic and noise
In the beautiful city of Derry.

II.

But discontent like a blight came o'er me,
Song and story,
Gold and glory,
Mixed in gleams
Of glowing dreams,
Were forever flowing before me.
I resolved to cross the wide ocean,
To carve out wealth and promotion,
Come back, make amends
By enriching my friends.
'Twas a wild, a fanciful notion.
So I bade good-by
To my friends and I
Kissed my love's lips of cherry,
And the very next day
I sailed away
From the beautiful city of Derry.

III.

I worked on many a winding river,
In vale and in mountain,
Never countin'
The years going by,
So sure was I
In my dreaming that fortune would give her
Rich stores of golden treasure,
Pour out her soul without measure.
I spent my life
In labor and strife,
And fled the gay smiles of pleasure,
Still dreaming of home
And bright days to come.
When boys should all call me Sir Terry,
And on comrades of old
Should lavish my gold
In the beautiful city of Derry.

IV.

I went to the land where the pines were growing,
 Where the rivers o'er gold were flowing.
 My stock in trade
 Were a pick and spade
 And I dug for that root of all evil.
 The goddess of fortune grew civil,
 And I thought at each stroke
 That the good angels spoke
 With blue eyes and young lips of cherry,
 "We wait for you
 O'er the ocean blue,"
 Come back to your friends in Derry."

V.

At length I won, Miss Fortune smiling,
 And with the witch's
 Smiles came riches,
 To bless me at last
 For the barren past
 And her years of deceit and beguiling.
 And soon o'er the blue waters going,
 With fair winds merrily blowing,
 The days of my youth
 On the winds of the South
 Came back to my memory glowing.
 By my side on the green
 Was Kitty McQueen,
 And we danced to the Humors of Kerry.
 The moonbeams danced too
 As they used to do
 In the beautiful city of Derry.

VI.

A gorgeous summer night was shaking
 Her dark locks over
 Her ocean lover,
 And I saw the red morning was breaking,
 'Twas then o'er the blue waves appearing
 We saw the green hills of old Erin.

The sun flung his light
Through the shadows of night
And we hailed the glad omen with cheering.
Into the Bay
I sailed that day,
And I leaped to the shore from the wherry;
The dream I had prized
Was at last realized,
I was rich in the city of Derry.

VII.

I looked around in wildest wonder,
Paused and faltered,
Things looked altered,
In all the place
I knew no face.
The town seemed all battered asunder:
I asked for my friends in the city,
I searched through the maidens for Kitty,
But none heard before
Of the name that I bore,
Till an old man looked on me with pity.
And he said with surprise
While tears filled his eyes,
“Why, God bless you, your name must be Terry,
That sailed far away
On that long summer day,
When we two were boys in Derry.

VIII.

“Ah, many a year your love sat sighing,
Patient waiting,
Never mating,
(She named your name in dying)
Her heart beat true
Alone for you.
And oft when the roses were blooming,
And the bees through the gardens went humming,
The boys used to meet
At the end of the street,

— And talk with delight of your coming,
 But the long years passed on
 And they took one by one,
 The sad, the serene, and the merry.
 Some are gone o'er the waves
 And some to their graves,
 In the beautiful city of Derry."

x.

I went to the Green, saw the merry making,
 Bright eyes glancing
 Light feet dancing,
 Dancing too,
 As they used to do,
 They danced on my heart: it was breaking.
 I saw the maids green garlands twining,
 I thought of her I loved long pining,
 I looked for her eyes
 To the blue summer skies,
 And the stars seemed in mockery shining.
 I asked some fair girls
 With long sunny curls,
 Were they happy: they answered me "very,"
 O maidens, go pray,
 How can you be gay,
 With so many graves in Derry.

(The reader sings as in the music, but if the reader have not a fair voice for singing, all of the singing may be done by the outside singers.)

Piu lento.

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo marking is 'Piu lento.' The lyrics are written below the Treble staff. The music consists of several measures with notes, rests, and chords, corresponding to the lines of the poem.

Time goes on, and the happy years are dead, And one by

one the merry hearts are fled; Si - lent now in the

wild and lonely glen, Where the bright, glad laugh will echo ne'er a-

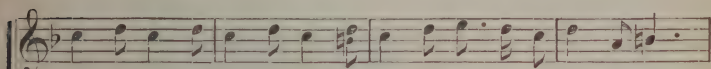
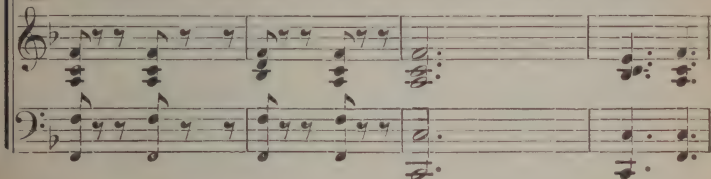
Rall. **To 3d verse**
gain. On-ly dreaming of days gone by, in my heart I hear

(Song of the Kerry Dance, sung outside, as in the music.)

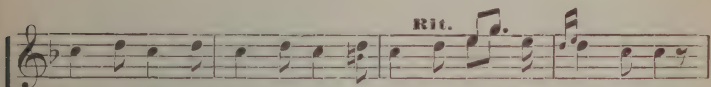
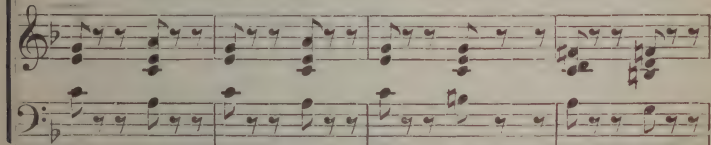
O, the days of the Kerry dancing, O, the ring of the piper's tune!
Loving voices of old companions, Stealing out of the past once more,



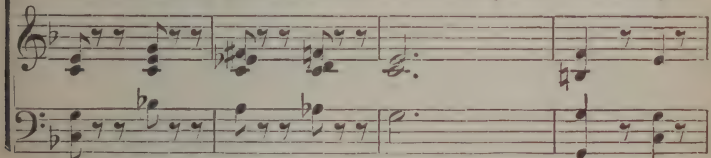
O, for one of those hours of gladness, Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon;
And the sound of the dear old music, Soft and sweet as in days of yore;



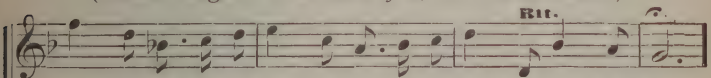
When the boys began to gath-er In the glen, of a summer night,



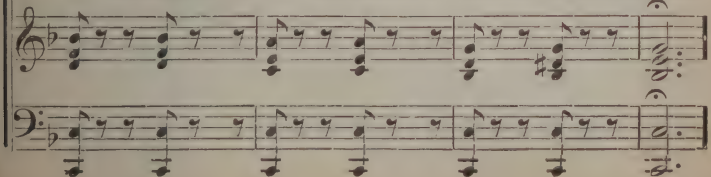
And the Ker-ry pip-er's tuning made us long with wild de-light.



(Reader sings—"O to think of it," etc., as in music.)



O, to think of it, O, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!



(Sung outside.)

O, the days of the Ker - ry danc-ing, O, the ring of the

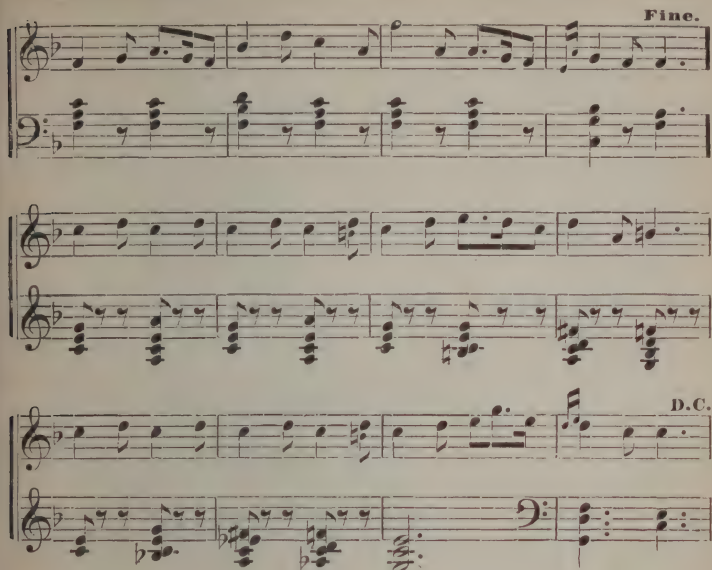
pip - er's tune! O, for one of those hours of glad-ness,

Gone, a - las! like our youth, too.... soon....

Fine.

Ped. *

(Piano—Kerry Dance. Music played low. The music fades away on the piano during the reading of the last stanza.)



IX.

I wander away in the shadowy gloaming,
 Sadly musing,
 Always choosing
 The path of glooms
 Among the tombs,
 And think—do they know I am coming?
 I sit on the graves where they're sleeping,
 Lone watch in my lone years keeping,
 And this is thy meed,
 O worldly greed,
 Sorrow and woe and weeping.
 I'd give all the gold
 The ocean can hold
 To kiss my Love's lips of cherry,
 Be young once more
 With friends galore
 In the beautiful city of Derry.

SISTER HELEN.

BY ROSETTI.

NOTE.—This is regarded as one of the most weird and dramatic ballads of recent times. It should be explained to the audience that Helen has been abandoned by the Keith of Ewern to whom she was given in marriage, and that she goes to a magician to learn how she may be revenged. The dealer in black art tells her to make a waxen image and burn it, and while it is burning he shall be in torture, and unless she forgives him before it falls, that he shall die and she herself be lost.

The music is to be chanted by the reader. A low musical accompaniment would add to the effect of the chant. The piece might be rendered as dialogue between the brother and sister.

MUSIC BY G. F. WILSON.

Lamentoso.

The musical score is written for voice and piano/organ. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Lamentoso'. The first staff is labeled 'Voice.' and contains a single melodic line. The second staff is labeled 'Piano or Organ.' and contains a single melodic line. The third staff is a bass line, also labeled 'Piano or Organ.', providing harmonic support. The music is characterized by a slow, mournful melody with long intervals and a somber harmonic palette.

“Why did you melt your waxen man,
Sister Helen?

To-day is the third since you began.”

“The time was long yet the time ran,
Little brother.”

“But if you have done your work aright,
Sister Helen,

You’ll let me play, for you said I might,”

“Be very still in your play to-night,
Little brother.”

Chanted by the reader to above music :

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Third night, to-night, between Hell and Heaven!)

“ You said it must melt ere vesper beli,
Sister Helen ;
If now it be molten, all is well.”
“ Even so,—nay, peace ! you cannot tell,
Little brother.”

“ Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
Sister Helen,
How like dead folks he has dropped away ! ”
“ Nay now, of the dead what can you say,
Little brother ? ”

Chanted as above :

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her woe's dead between Hell and Heaven!)

“Here high up in the balcony,
Sister Helen,
The moon flies face to face with me.”
“Aye, look and say whatever you see,
Little brother.”

“Outside it’s merry in the wind’s wake,
Sister Helen;
In the shaken trees the chill stars shake.”
“Hush, heard you a horse tread as you spake,
Little brother?”

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What sound to-night between Hell and Heaven?)

“I hear a horse-tread, and I see,
Sister Helen,
Three horsemen that ride terribly.”
“Little brother, whence come the three,
Little brother?”

“They come by the hill-verge from Boyne Bar,
Sister Helen.
And one draws nigh, but two are afar.”
“Look, look, do you know them who they are,
Little brother?”

" Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white mane on the blast "
" The hour has come, has come at last,
Little brother ! "

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her hour at last, between Hell and Heaven !)*

" He has made a sign and called Halloo !
Sister Helen,
And he says that he would speak with you."
" Oh, tell him I fear the frozen dew,
Little brother."

" The wind is loud, but I hear him cry,
Sister Helen,
That Keith of Ewern's like to die."
And he and thou, and thou and I,
Little brother."

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
And they and we, between Hell and Heaven !)*

" Three days ago, on his marriage-morn,
Sister Helen,
He sickened, and lies since then forlorn."
" For bridegroom's side is the bride a thorn,
Little brother."

" Three days and nights he has lain abed,
Sister Helen,
And he prays in torment to be dead."
" The thing may chance if he has prayed,
Little brother ! "

" But he has not ceased to cry to-day,
Sister Helen,
That you should take your curse away."
" My prayer was heard,—he need but pray,
Little brother ! "

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Shall God not hear, between Hell and Heaven ?)*

" But he says till you take back your ban,

Sister Helen,

His soul would pass, yet never can."

" Nay, then, shall I slay a living man,

Little brother?"

' But he calls for ever on your name,

Sister Helen,

And he says that he melts before a flame."

" My heart for his pleasure fared the same,

Little brother."

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Fire at the heart, between Hell and Heaven !*)

" Here's Keith of Westholm riding fast,

Sister Helen,

For I know the white plume on the blast."

" The hour, the sweet hour I forecast,

Little brother ! "

" He stops to speak, and he stills his horse,

Sister Helen ;

But his voice is drowned in the wind's course."

" Nay hear, nay hear, you must hear perforce,

Little brother ! "

" Oh, he says that Keith of Ewern's cry,

Sister Helen,

Is ever to see you ere he die."

" In all that his soul sees, there am I,

Little brother ! "

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
The soul's one sight, between Hell and Heaven !*)

" Oh, it's Keith of Keith now that rides fast,

Sister Helen,

For I know the white hair on the blast."

" The short hour will soon be past,

Little brother ! "

" He looks at me, and he tries to speak,

Sister Helen,

But oh ! his voice is sad and weak ! "

" What here should the mighty baron seek,

Little brother ? "

"Oh, his son still cries, if you forgive,
Sister Helen,
The body dies but the soul shall live."
"Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
Little brother!"

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
As she forgives, between Hell and Heaven!*)

"A lady's here, by a dark steed brought,
Sister Helen,
So darkly clad I saw her not."
"See her now or never see aught,
Little brother!"

"Her hood falls back, and the moon shines fair,
Sister Helen,
On Lady of Ewern's golden hair."
"Blest hour of my power and her despair,
Little brother!"

"Pale, pale her cheeks, that in pride did glow,
Sister Helen,
'Neath the bridal-wreath three days ago."
"One morn for pride and three days for woe,
Little brother!"

"She may not speak, she sinks in a swoon,
Sister Helen,—
She lifts her lips and gasps on the moon."
"Oh! might I but hear her soul's blithe tune,
Little brother!"

(*Oh Mother, Mary Mother,
Her woe's dumb cry, between Heaven and Hell!*)

"O Sister Helen, you heard the bell,
Sister Helen!
More loud than the vesper-chime it fell."
"No vesper-chime, but a dying knell,
Little brother!"

"Alas! but I fear the heavy sound,

Sister Helen :

Is it in the sky or in the ground ? ”

" Say they have turned their horses round.

Little brother ! ”

"They have raised the old man from his knee,

Sister Helen,

And they ride in silence hastily."

"More fast the naked soul doth flee,

Little brother ! ”

"Flank to flank are the three steeds gone,

Sister Helen.

But the lady's dark steed goes alone."

"And lonely her bridegroom's soul hath flown

Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
The lonely ghost, between Hell and Heaven!)

"See, see, the wax has dropped from its place,

Sister Helen.

And the flames are winning up apace!"

"Yet they burn but for a space,

Little brother ! ”

'Ah! what white thing at the door has cross'd,

Sister Helen ?

Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?"

'A soul that's lost as mine is lost,

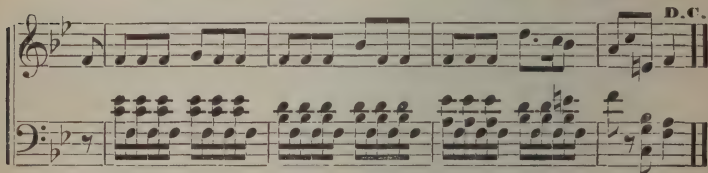
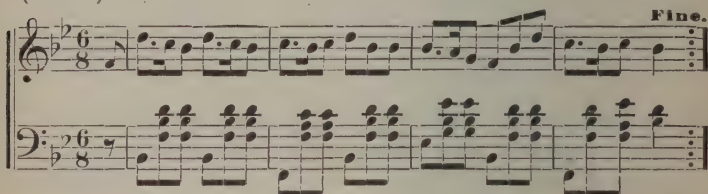
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven!)

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

(INTRODUCING THE POPULAR SONG, "THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.")

(Piano.)

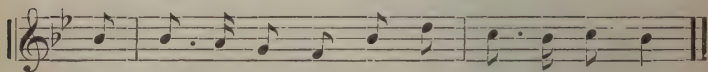


(Singing—two lines only here. Sung by reader or assistants.)

(Play 1st 4 measures of above music as accompaniment.)



How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,



When fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view.

My grandmother's garden ! how well I remember

That spot that delighted my eyes when a boy !

From the balm-breathing June to the mellowed September

I hailed its fresh blossoms each morning with joy.

In fancy I see it when eve dark and chilly,

O'ercasting the city, forbids me to roam :

In memory blossoms the rose and the lily

When solitude freshens the pictures of home.

I seem on the garden gate swinging and singing,
 Or on the bars leaning in summer eves long ;
 And, waiting my father his team homeward bringing,
 I list once again to the whippoorwill's song.

I remember the porch where the woodbine in clusters
 Of billowy green o'er the white roses hung ;
 The swallows, whose purple and emerald lustres
 Shot swift through the air where the orioles sung.

O'er the old mossy wall, in the mellow airs blowing,
 The lilies made fragrant the evenings of May ;
 And close by the door where the house-leeks were growing,
 My grandmother's garden, my pleasure ground, lay.

A-near was the orchard, the moss to it clinging,
 The home of the birds and the banquet of bees :
 There oft, when the Whitsuntide church-bells were ringing,
 Like hills of red roses trees flamed over trees.

My grandmother's garden with green box was bordered ;
 There bloomed the blue myrtles, the first flowers of spring ;
 There the peony's leaves seemed with pansies embroidered ;
 And hands of the fairies the bluebells to swing.

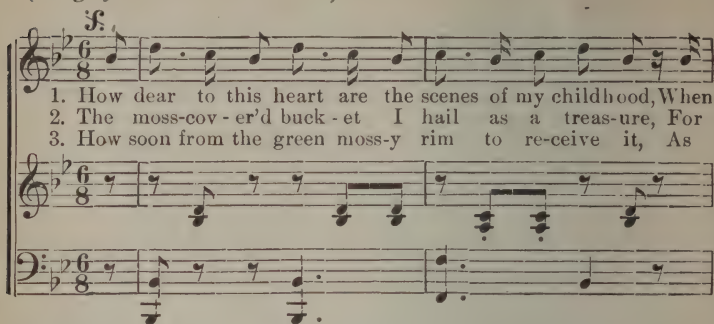
The balm-bed was there ; the sweets from its flowers
 The humming birds, gemming the air, came to draw :
 And peeped from the woodbine and jessamine bowers
 The hives of the honey-bees golden with straw.

There oft, with her hymn-book, my grandmother wandered,
 Then seated herself in the arbor alone,
 And read the old hymns and on holy themes pondered,
 While long on the hilltops the western light shone.

The well sweep was there in the elm trees' broad shadow,
 And o'er it the golden dressed orioles swung,
 And a path from the old road and path from the meadow,
 At the broad curb stone met where the cool bucket hung.

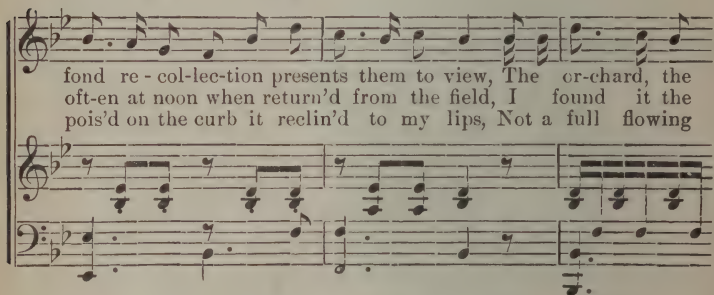
(Sung by reader or assistants.)

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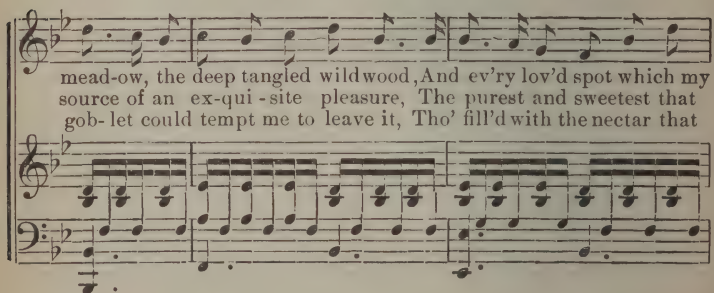


1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When
 2. The moss-cov-er'd buck-et I hail as a treas-ure, For
 3. How soon from the green moss-y rim to re-ceive it, As

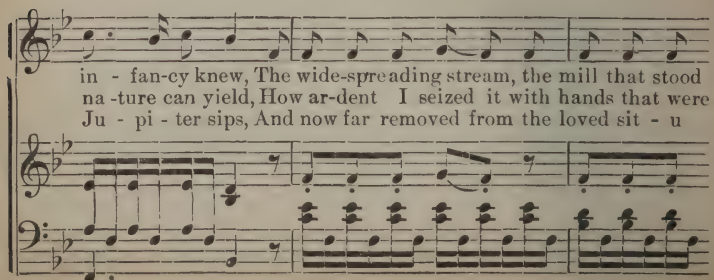
fond re-col-lection presents them to view, The or-ward, the
 oft-en at noon when return'd from the field, I found it the
 pois'd on the curb it reclin'd to my lips, Not a full flowing

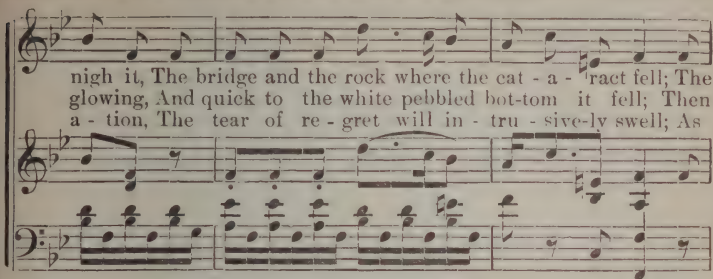


mead-ow, the deep tangled wildwood, And ev'ry lov'd spot which my
 source of an ex-qui-site pleasure, The purest and sweetest that
 gob-let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nectar that

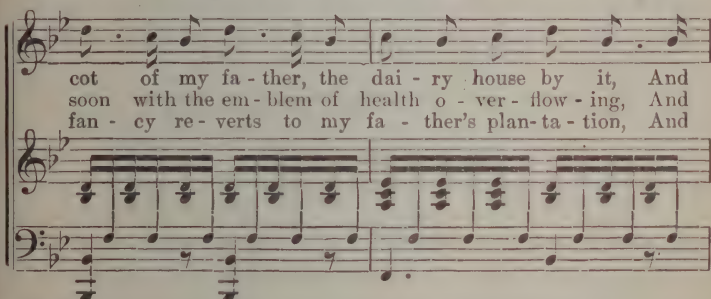


in-fan-cy knew, The wide-spredding stream, the mill that stood
 na-ture can yield, How ar-dent I seized it with hands that were
 Ju-pi-ter sips, And now far removed from the loved sit-u

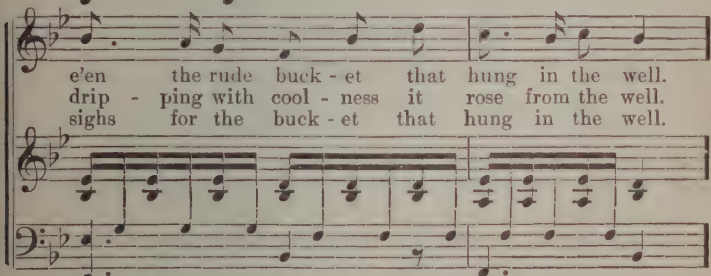




nigh it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - 'ract fell; The
glowing, And quick to the white pebbled bot-tom it fell; Then
a - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive-ly swell; As

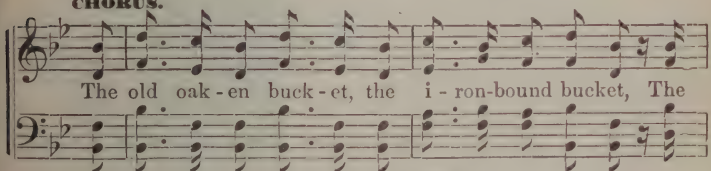


cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house by it, And
soon with the em - blem of health o - ver - flow - ing, And
fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And

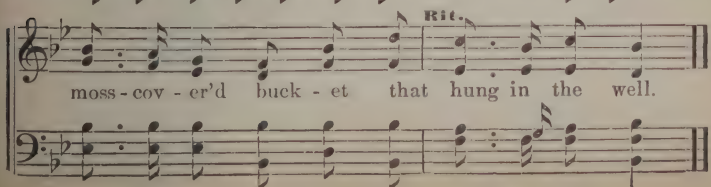


e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.
drip - ping with cool - ness it rose from the well.
sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well.

CHORUS.



The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound bucket, The



moss - cov - er'd buck - et that hung in the well.

(*Read.*)

They are gone, all are gone, whom that garden once gladdened :
No more shall I see them,—the young or the old :
Nor my grandmother's face with long memories saddened ;
Her crown of bright silver is changed into gold.

Dimmer lights have the springs and the summers that follow ;
The charm of the roses is not now as then ;
In duller gold skies flits the purple-winged swallow :
My heart ne'er will feel its old freshness again.

The joys youth expected were lost in the winning ;
The distance enchanting from death's door is gone ;
And life a lost thread, like the firefly's, is spinning :
I am lonely at night, and am weary at morn.

But oft, with emotion that time doth not harden,
I turn to my old home, its lessons recall ;
And the brightest of scenes is my grandmother's garden,
Its pansies of spring, and its asters of fall.

And wherever I roam, in whatever bright harbor
The anchor may drop, I remember with joy
The prayers that in summer-time rose from the arbor
In that blooming garden when I was a boy.

H. BUTTERWORTH.



FLAG OF TAUNTON GREEN.

FOR 4TH OF JULY.

[DIRECTIONS.—During the reading play low, on organ or piano, a medley of American national airs, as “Red, White and Blue,” “Our Flag is There,” etc. Let a chorus of young people arise at the close of the reading, and unfold an American flag, and sing “Flag of the Free” under its folds.]

The grand years have numbered one hundred and ten

Since the first flag of freedom ascended the sky,

And the fair Green of Taunton made heroes of men,

As men saw the ensign unfolding on high.

The motto of “Union and Liberty” rolled

Out into the sun-tide’s vermillion and gold ;

And loud cried those heroes of liberty bold,

“We’ll defend with our valor and virtue and votes,—

The red flag of Taunton,

That waves o’er the Green.”

’T was autumn, bright autumn, and glimmered the weir,

The Taunton flowed full on that beautiful day,

And kirtled wives gathered the flag-pole a-near,

’Mid the old men at prayer and the children at play.

They saw the red flag in blue Liberty’s dome

Wave o’er the valley, Equality’s home,

And they heard the men say, while their own lips were dumb,

“We’ll defend with our valor and virtue and votes,—

The red flag of Taunton,

That waves o’er the Green.”

The Taunton flowed swift through the shimmering weir,

Past the rock where the Northmen came in from the Bay.

In the forest the red leaves were falling and sere,

Where Annawan perished. The stone church to-day—

The loveliest church e’er the traveler saw,

With its sentinel pines and its ivy-wreathed tower—

Stands hard by the place where the women in awe
Heard their husbands cry out in that glorious hour,
"We'll defend with our valor, our virtue, and votes,
The red flag of Taunton,
That waves o'er the Green."

The old parson stood by the church near the Green,
And looked to the sky on that sun-flooded day ;
The gray, rocky hillside encircled the scene,
And shaded streams rolled o'er the rocks to the Bay.
He lifted his hand, like a white cross, in prayer,
And said, as the flag like an angel's wing spread,
"It is God who has written those words on the air ;
By the hand that has led you ye still shall be led.
Long may valor and virtue defend with their votes
The red flag that Taunton
Has waved o'er the Green !"

"Behold," said the parson, "its folds in the sky,
In the eyes of the sun: do you know what you do
The hand that sets Liberty's watchword on high
Must to valor be pledged, and to honor be true.
Ye have set yonder flag for a scepterless hand :
While God ye shall honor, your nation shall stand,
And when ye forsake him shall perish the land.
Defend with your valor and virtue and votes
The flag ye have lifted
To-day o'er the Green."

"Peace !" How calmly the night of the past noon-tide shone
On the orchards of Taunton that glorious day,
As the mellow word rung like an altar-bell's tone.
"Peace, peace, men of Taunton ! 't is time we should pray.
O Thou whom all scepters dost strengthen or break !
Yon flag to the hand of thy providence take :
In battle victorious, in peace glorious make,
Defended by valor and virtue and votes,
The flag we have lifted
To-day o'er the Green."

The red flag of Taunton at old Brandywine
 Gave place to the flag of the stripes and the stars,
 And the bold words of "Union and Liberty" shine
 No more as of old, 'mid the smoke-cloud of wars.
 Here Liberty reigns, and her triumphs increase,
 And our Union of States is the empire of peace,
 And the sentinel's watch 'neath the flag does not cease,
 But virtue defends it with valor and votes,
 Like the heroes of Taunton
 That stood on the Green.

The grand years have numbered one hundred and ten
 Since the old flag of freedom ascended the sky,
 And the fair Green of Taunton made heroes of men,
 As men saw the ensign unrolling on high.
 One hundred and ten, and the new summer fills
 Her gold horns of plenty, and banners the hills,
 And the spirit of old still the patriot thrills,
 Still calling for valor and virtue and votes,
 While a million flags fly
 For that one on the Green.

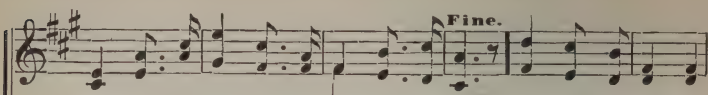
"Union and Liberty."

Steady Time,

March from "LOHENGRIIN."

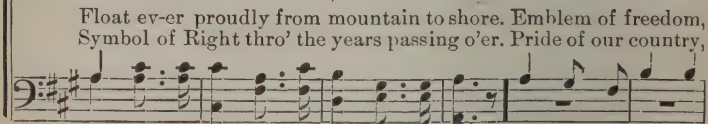
1. Flag of the free, fair-est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the
 2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chosen of God while his

thun-der of war; Ban-ner so bright with star-ry light,
 might we a-dore, In Lib-er-ty's van for manhood of man,
 For While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,

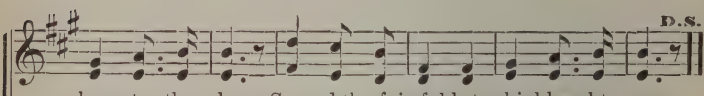


Fine.

Float ev-er proudly from mountain to shore. Emblem of freedom,
Symbol of Right thro' the years passing o'er. Pride of our country,

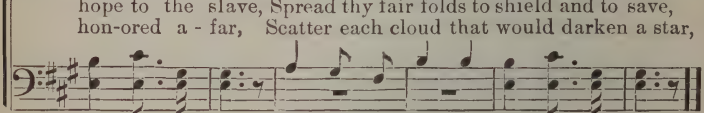


U - nion and Lib-er - ty! one ev - er-more!



D.S.

hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds to shield and to save,
hon-ored a - far, Scatter each cloud that would darken a star,



THE DEATH OF CHAMPLAIN.

INTRODUCING THE ANCIENT LATIN HYMN, "ADESTE FIDELES."

[DIRECTIONS.—*Let the "Adeste Fideles" be sung in an ante-room in the distance, and gradually approach nearer, the chorus, or refrain being repeated over and over. The music should begin with the hero's supposed address, "Star on the Bosom," etc., and become very distinct just before the fifth stanza, and then pass by, or be made to die away.*]

QUEBEC, 1635.

Reading :

'Tis the Fortress of St. Louis,
The Church of Recoverance ;
And hang o'er the crystal Crosses
The silver Lilies of France.
In the fortress a knight lies dying,
In the church are priests at prayer,
And the bell of the Angelus sweetly
Throbs out on the crimsoned air.

The noblest knight is dying
That ever served a king ;
And he looks from the fortress window
As the bells of the Angelus ring.
Old scenes come back to his vision ;
Again his ship's canvases swell
In the harbor of gray St. Malo,
In the haven of fair Rochelle.
He sees the imparadised ocean
That he dared when his years were young ;
The lagoons where his lateen sail drifted
As the Southern Cross over it hung ;
Acadie ; the Richelieu's waters ;
The lakes through the midlands that rolled ;
And the Cross that he planted wherever
He lifted the Lilies of gold.

He lists to the Angelus ringing,
 He folds his white hands on his breast ;
 And, lo ! o'er the pine-clad forests
 A Star verges low in the West !—

I.

“ Star on the bosom of the West—
 Chime on, O bell, chime on, O bell !—
 To-night with visions I am blest,
 And filled with light ineffable !
 No angels sing in crystal air,
 No clouds 'neath seraph's footsteps glow,
 No feet of seers o'er mountains fair
 A portent follows far ; but, low !
 A Star is glowing in the West,
 The world shall follow it from far,
 Chime on, O Christmas bells, chime on ;
 Shine on, shine on, O Western Star !

II.

In yonder church that storms have iced—
 I founded it upon this rock—
 I've daily kissed the feet of Christ,
 In worship with my little flock.
 But I am dying—I depart,
 Like Simeon old my glad feet go.
 A star is shining in my heart,
 Such as the Magi saw, and lo,
 — A Star is shining in the West,
 The World shall hail it from afar ;
 Chime on, O Christmas bells, chime on !
 Shine on, shine on, O Western Star !

III.

Beside the Fleur de Lis of France,
 The faith I've planted in the North ;
 Ye messengers of Heaven, advance,
 Ye mysteries of the Cross, shine forth !
 I know the value of the earth ;
 I've learned its lessons ; it is done ;

One soul alone outweighs in worth
 The fairest kingdom of the sun.
 Star on the bosom of the West,
 My dim eyes follow thee afar ;
 Chime on, chime on, O Christmas bells !
 Shine on, shine on, O golden Star !

IV.

In dreams St. Malo's port I see,
 The heavens fair of old Rochelle,
 My lateen sails again flow free,
 And in the seas of crystal swell.
 O Richelieu, O Richelieu,
 For thee I sought these regions broad,
 And to the Lilies I've been true ;
 My prince, these kingdoms are for God.
 Star on the bosom of the West,
 My soul doth follow thee afar ;
 Chime on, chime on, O Christmas bells !
 Shine on, shine on, O golden Star !

(NOTE—See note on page 27 for directions for singing this hymn.)

O Come, all Ye Faithful.

(ADESTE FIDELES.)

Arr. by V. NOVELLO.

For Introduction play organ part complete.

The musical score is written for three parts: two vocal parts (Soprano and Alto) and an organ accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The organ part begins with a full introduction, indicated by the instruction "For Introduction play organ part complete." The vocal parts enter with the lyrics: "1. O come all ye faith-ful, En-ter now the temple, Which 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta-tion,". The organ accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation for the vocal lines.

tr.

here our great God has made for all who him serve; Raise we our
Come, all ye cit-i-zens of heav-en, re-joyce, Glo-ry to

voi-ces, Joyful in thanksgiving, With cheerful adoration, with
God be, Glo-ry in the high-est, With cheerful adoration, with

tr.

cheerful adoration, with cheerful adoration, Thus praise we the Lord.

v.

Hark ! music fills my dying ear,
 , " Immanuel ! " They sing His name,
 As though again to earth drew near,
 Celestial messengers of flame.
 The priest stands on the altar stairs,
 And swings the incense cup of gold,
 The midnight mass is said, and prayers,
 Hark ! 'tis the midnight anthem old—

The hymn I sung upon the sea,
 Beneath Selene's golden car
 That fills the air with melody—
 Shine on, shine on, O golden Star !

VI.

What rapture! hear the sweet choir sing,
 While death's cold shadows o'er me fall,
 Beneath the Lilies of my king ;
 Go, light the lamps in yonder hall.
 Mine eyes have seen the Christ-Star glow
 Above the New World's temple gates.
 Go forth, celestial heralds, go,
 Earth's fairest empire thee awaits !
 Star on the bosom of the West,
 What feet shall follow thee from far ?
 Chime on, O Christmas bells, chime on !
 Shine on, forever, golden Star ! ”

'T was Christmas morn ; the sun arose
 'Mid clouds o'er the St. Lawrence broad,
 And fell a sprinkling of the snows
 As from the uplifted hand of God.
 Dead in the fortress lay the knight,
 His white hands crossed upon his breast—
 Dead, he whose clear prophetic sight
 Beheld the Christ-Star in the West.
 That morning, 'mid the turrets white,
 The low flag told the empire's loss ;
 They hung the Lilies o'er the knight,
 And by the Lilies set the Cross.

Long on Quebec's immortal heights
 Has Champlain slept, the knight of God.
 The Western Star shines on, and lights
 The growing empires, fair and broad.
 And though are gone the knights of France,
 Still lives the spirit of the North ;
 The heralds of the Star advance,
 And Truth's eternal light shines forth.

H. BUTTERWORTH.

GARFIELD'S RIDE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1863.

INTRODUCING THE BATTLE SONG, "SHOUTING THE BATTLE CRY OF
FREEDOM."

[DIRECTION.—*The war song may be sung by the reader, or by a soloist on the platform, with a chorus in an ante-room.*]

Again the summer-fevered skies
The breath of autumn calms ;
Again the golden moons arise
On harvest-happy farms.
The locusts pipe, the crickets sing,
Among the falling leaves,
And wandering breezes sigh, and bring
The harp-notes of the sheaves.

Peace smiles upon the hills and dells ;
Peace smiles upon the seas ;
And drop the notes of happy bells
Upon the fruited trees.
The broad Missouri stretches far
Her commerce-gathering arms,
And multiply on Arkansaw
The grain-encumbered farms.

Old Chattanooga, crowned with green,
Sleeps 'neath her walls in peace ;
The Argo has returned again,
And brings the Golden Fleece.
O nation ! free from sea to sea,
In union blessed forever,
Fair be their fame who fought for thee
By Chickamauga River.

The autumn winds were piping low,
 Beneath the vine-clad eaves ;
 We heard the hollow bugle blow
 Among the ripened sheaves.
 And fast the mustering squadrons passed
 Through mountain portals wide,
 And swift the blue brigades were massed
 By Chickamauga's tide.

It was the Sabbath ; and in awe
 We heard the dark hills shake,
 And o'er the mountain turrets saw
 The smoke of battle break.
 And 'neath that war-cloud, gray and grand,
 The hills o'erhanging low,
 The Army of the Cumberland,
 Unequal, met the foe !

Again, O fair September night !
 Beneath the moon and stars,
 I see, through memories dark and bright,
 The altar-fires of Mars.
 The morning breaks with screaming guns
 From batteries dark and dire,
 And where the Chickamauga runs
 Red runs the muskets' fire.

I see bold Longstreet's darkening host
 Sweep through our lines of flame,
 And hear again, " The right is lost ! "
 Swart Rosecrans exclaim.
 " But not the left," young Garfield cries :
 From that we must not sever,
 While Thomas holds the field that lies
 On Chickamauga River ! "

Oh ! on that day of clouded gold,
 How, half of hope bereft,
 The cannoneers, like Titans, rolled
 Their thunders on the left !

I see the battle-clouds again,
 With glowing autumn splendors blending ;
 It seemed as if the gods with men
 Were on Olympian heights contending.

Through tongues of flame, through meadows brown,
 Dry valley roads concealed,
 Ohio's hero dashes down
 Upon the rebel field.
 And swift, on reeling charger borne,
 He threads the wooded plain,
 By twice a hundred cannon mown,
 And reddened with the slain,

But past the swathes of carnage dire,
 The Union guns he hears,
 And gains the left, begirt with fire,
 And thus the heroes cheers—
 "While stands the Left, yon flag o'er head,
 Shall Chattanooga stand?"—* * *
 "Let the Napoleons rain their lead!"
 Was Thomas's command.

But, hark ! what sound is that I hear
 Above the roll of drums ?
 It fills the plain, 'mid cheer on cheer,
 From massing hosts it comes.

Song outside.

I.

We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to the fight,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
 And we bear the glorious stars for the Union and the right,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.—The Union forever, Hurrah ! boys, Hurrah !
 Down with the traitor, up with the star,
 For we're marching to the field, boys, going to the fight,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom !

II.

If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll face them to the last,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And our comrades brave shall hear us, as they go rushing past,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.—The Union forever, etc.

Reading.

Back sweep the gray brigades of Bragg,
The air with victory rings,
And 'neath the swift advancing flag
The mighty army sings.

Music outside.

III.

Yes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And the vict'ry shall be ours, we're rising in our might,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.—The Union forever, etc.

Reading.

That flag on Chattanooga's height,
In twilight's splendors waved,
And all her clustered stars of white
Were to the Union saved.

Oh, chief of staff! the nation's fate
That red field crossed with thee,
The triumph of the camp and state,
The hope of liberty.

O Nation! free from sea to sea,
With Union blessed forever,
Not vainly heroes fought for thee,
By Chickamauga River.

In dreams I stand beside the tide
Where those old heroes fell;
Above the valleys, long and wide,
Sweet rings the Sabbath bell.

I hear no more the bugle blow
 ' As on that fateful day ;
I hear the ring dove fluting low,
 Where shaded waters stray.

On Mission Ridge the sunlight streams
 Above the fields of fall,
And Chattanooga calmly dreams
 Beneath her mountain wall,
Old Lookout Mountain towers on high,
 As in heroic days,
When 'neath the battle of the sky
 Were seen the summit's blaze.

'Tis ours to lay no garlands fair
 On many graves unknown,
Kind Nature sets her gentians there,
 And fall the sear leaves lone.
Those heroes' graves no shaft of Mars
 May mark with beauty ever ;
But floats the flag of forty stars
 By Chickamauga River.

H. BUTTERWORTH.



HOW DOT HEARD "THE MESSIAH."

INTRODUCING TENOR SOLO, "COMFORT YE," AND SOPRANO SOLO,
"HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD."

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

[DIRECTION.—*Play the accompaniment to the tenor solo, "Comfort Ye," from "The Messiah," for the soloist, if possible. The selections from "The Messiah" should be sung, if convenient, from some gallery or part of the hall distant from the reader.*]

The church was vast and dim. The air was fragrant with pine boughs (and even on the golden cross of the chancel hung heavy wreaths of box and fir.) A solitary light shone in front of the organ. (of the organ.)

Little feet were heard on the stairs leading to the orchestra. A door in the organ case opened quietly, and was about to close when a voice was heard :

"Is that you, Dot?"

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you come so early? It is nearly an hour before the rehearsal begins. I should think the little bellows-room would be a rather lonely place to wait an hour."

"I always come early," said the boy, timidly.

"So I have noticed. Why?"

"Mother thinks it best."

"Come out here and let me talk with you. I have sung in the choir nearly a year, and have hardly had a glimpse of you yet. Don't be bashful! Why, all the music would stop if it were not for you, Dot. Our grandest Christmas anthem would break into confusion if you ceased to *blow*. (Come here. I have just arrived in the city, and have come to the church to wait for the hour of rehearsal. I want company. Come, Dot.)"

The little side door of the organ moved; a shadow crept along in the dim light toward the genial-hearted Tenor.

"Do you like music, Dot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that what makes you come so long before the time?"

"No, sir."

"What is it, then?"

"I have a reason—mother would not like to have me speak of it."

"Do you sing?"

"Yes, at home."

"What do you sing?"

"The parts I hear you sing."

"Tenor then?"

"Yes."

"Will you sing for me?"

"Now?"

"Yes."

"I will sing, '*Hark, what mean?*'"

"Rossini—an adaptation from *Cujus Animam*."

The boy did not understand.

"Well," said the Tenor, "I beat time—now, Dot."

A flute-like voice floated out into the empty edifice, silvery, pure, rising and falling through all the melodious measures of that almost seraphic melody. The Tenor leaped to his feet, and stood like one entranced. The voice fell in wavy cadences: ("*Heavenly Hallelujahs rise.*") Then it rose clear as a skylark, with the soul of inspiration in it:

*"Hear them tell that sacred story,
Hear them chant—"*

The Tenor, with a nervous motion, turned on the gas-light.

The boy seemed affrighted, and shrank away toward the little door that led to the bellows-room.

"Boy!"

"Sir?"

"There is a fortune in that voice of yours."

"Thank you, sir."

"What makes you hide behind that bench?"

"You won't tell, sir?"

"No. I will befriend any boy with a voice like *that*."

The boy approached the singer and stood beside him.

He said not a word, but only looked toward his feet.

The Tenor's eyes followed the boy's.



DOT.

He saw it all, but only said tenderly :

"Dot!"

A chancel door opened. An acolyte came in bearing a long gas-lighter ; he touched the chandeliers, and they burst into flame. (The cross glimmered upon the wall under the Christmas wreaths, the alabaster font revealed its beautiful decorations of calla lilies and smilax ; the organ glowed with its tall pipes, and carvings and cherubs.)

The first flash of light in the chancel found Dot hidden in his little room, with the door fast closed behind him.

What a strange place it was ! A dim light fell through the open carvings of the organ case. (Great wooden pipes towered aloft with black mouths—like dragons.) Far, far above in the arch was a cherub, without a body—a golden face with purple wings. Dot had looked at it for hours, and wondered.)

He sat looking at it to-night with a sorrowful face. There were other footsteps in the church, sounds of light, happy voices.

Presently the bell tinkled. The organist was on his bench. Dot

grasped the great wooden handle ; it moved up and down, up and down, and then the tall wooden pipes with the dragon mouths began to thunder around him.) Then the chorus burst into a glorious strain, which Dot the year before had heard the organist say was, the "Midnight Mass of the Middle Ages":

*"Adeste fideles
Laeti triumphantes,
Venite,
Venite,
In Bethlehem."*

The great pipes close at hand ceased to thunder. The music seemed to run far away into the distance, low, sweet, and shadowy. There were sympathetic solos and tremulous chords. Then the tempest seemed to come back again, and the luminous arch over the organ sent back into the empty church the jubilant chorus:

*"Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Dominum."*

After the anthem (there were solos. The Tenor sang one of them, and Dot tried to listen to it as he moved the handle up and down. How sweet it sounded to Dot's ears! It came from a friendly heart—except his mother's, it was the only voice that had ever spoken a word of sympathy or praise to the poor bellows boy.)

The singers rested, laughed and talked. Dot listened as usual in his narrow room.

"I came to the church directly from the train," said the Tenor, "and amused myself for a time with Dot. A wonderful voice that boy has."

"Dot?" said the precentor.)

"Yes: the boy that blows the organ."

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten. I seldom see him," said the precentor.) "Now I think of it, the sexton told me some weeks ago that I must get a new organ boy another year; he says this one—Dot you call him?—comes to the church through back alleys, and goes to the bellows-room as soon as the church is open, and hides there until service time, and that his clothes are not decent to be seen in church on Sunday. Next Sunday begins the year—I must see to the matter."

"He does his work well?" asked the Soprano, with a touch of sympathy in her voice.

"Yes."

"Would it not be better to get him some new clothes than to dismiss him?" she asked.

"No. Charity is charity, and business is business. Everything must be first-class here. We can not have ragamuffins creeping into the church to do church work. Of course, I should be glad to have the boy supplied with clothes. That is another thing. But we must have a different person in the bellows box. The sexton's son is bright, dresses well, and I have no doubt would be glad of the place. Now, we will sing the anthem, '*Good will to men.*'"

The choir and chorus arose. The organist tinkled the bell, and bent down on the pedals and keys. There was a ripple of music, a succession of short sounds—and silence.

The organist touched the knob at the side of the key-board, and again the bell tinkled. His white hand ran over the keys, but there issued no sound.

He moved nervously from the bench, and opened the little door.

"Dot?"

No answer.

"The boy is sick or faint."

The Tenor stepped into the room and brought out a limp figure.

"Are you sick, Dot?"

"Yes, sir; what will become of mother?"

"He heard what you said about dismissing him," said the Soprano to the precentor.

"Yes, but the sexton was right. Look at his shoes—why, his toes are sticking through them."

"And this bitter weather!" said the Soprano, feelingly.

"Can you blow, Dot?"

"No, sir; it is all dark, sir. I can't see, sir. I can't but just stand up, sir. You won't dismiss me, sir; mother is lame and poor, sir—paralyzed, sir; that's what they call it—can't use but one hand, sir."

"This ends the rehearsal," said the precentor, in an impatient way. "Dot, you needn't come to-morrow, nor till I send for you. Here's a dollar, Dot—charity—Christmas present."

One by one the singers went out, the precentor bidding the sexton have a care that Dot was sent home.

The Soprano and the Tenor lingered. Dot was recovering.

"I shall not hear the music to-morrow. I do love it so."

"You poor child, you shall have your Christmas music to-morrow, and the best the city affords. Do you know where Music Hall is, Dot?"

"Yes, lady."

"There is to be an oratorio there to-morrow evening—"The Messiah." It is the grandest ever composed, and no singing in America is equal to it. There is one chorus called the "Hallelujah Chorus"—it is wonderful; the man who composed it thought he heard the angels singing and saw the Lord of Heaven, when he was at work upon it; and *he* is to be the first tenor, and *I* am to sing soprano—wouldn't you like to go, Dot?"

"Yes, lady. Is the man who composed it to be the tenor singer—the one who heard the angels singing, and thought he saw the Lord?"

"No, Dot; *he* is to be the tenor singer."

"*I*, Dot," said the Tenor.

"I have a ticket for the upper gallery, which I will give him," said the Soprano. "A friend of mine bought it, but I gave her a seat on the floor, and kept this for—well, for Dot."

The Tenor talked low with the lady.

"Here is a Christmas present, Dot." He handed Dot a bill.

"And here is one for your mother," said the Soprano, giving Dot a little roll of money.

Dot was better now. He looked bewildered at his new fortune.

"Thank you, lady. Thank you, sir. Are you able?" The Soprano laughed.

"Yes, Dot. I am to receive a hundred dollars for singing to-morrow evening. I shall try to think of you, Dot, when I am rendering one of the passages—perhaps it will give me inspiration. I shall see you, Dot—under the statue of Apollo."

The sexton was turning off the lights in the chancel. He called Dot. The church grew dimmer and dimmer, and the great organ faded away in the darkness. In the vanishing lights the Soprano and Tenor went out of the church, leaving Dot with the sexton.

It was Sabbath evening—Christmas.

Lights glimmered thickly among the snowy trees on the Common; beautiful coaches were rolling through the crowded streets.

Dot entered Music Hall timidly through a long passage through which bright, happy faces were passing, silks rustling, aged people



DOT HAD NEVER HEARD SUCH
MUSIC BEFORE.

moving sedately and slowly and into which the crowds on the street seemed surging like a tide. Faces were too eager with expectation to notice *him* or his feet. At last he passed a sharp angle in the long passage, and the great organ under a thousand gas-jets burst upon his view. An usher at one of the many lower doors looked at his ticket doubtfully :)

"Second gallery—back."

Dot followed the trailing silks up the broad flights of stairs, reached the top, and asked another usher to show him his seat. (The young man whom Dot addressed had that innate refinement of feeling that marks a true Boston gentleman. He gave Dot a smile, as much as to say, "I am glad *you* can enjoy all this happiness with the rest," and said :

"Follow me."

His manner was so kind that Dot thought he would like to speak to him again. He remembered what the Soprano had said about the statue of Apollo, and as the usher gave him back his check and pointed to the number on the check and the seat, Dot said :

"Will you please tell me, sir, which is the statue of Apollo?"

The usher glanced at the busts and statues along the wall. He spoke kindly :

" *That is the Apollo Belvedere.*"

Dot thought that a pretty name; it did not convey to his mind any association of the Vatican palace, but he knew that some beautiful mystery was connected with it.)

And now Dot gazes in amazement on the scene before him. In the blaze of light the great organ rises resplendently, sixty feet in height, its imposing facade hiding from view its six thousand pipes. People are hurrying into the hall, flitting to and fro; young ladies in black silks and velvets and satins; old men—where were so many men with white hair ever seen before? stately men with thin faces, bald—teachers, college professors. Tiers of seats in the form of half a pyramid rise at either end of the organ. These are filling with the chorus—sopranos and altos in black dresses and white hawls, tenors and basses in black coats, white neckties and kids. In front between the great chorus, rises a dark statue, and around his musicians are gathering—players on violins, violas, violoncellos, contra basses, flutes, oboes, bassoons, trumpets, trombones, horns; the pyramidal seats fill, the hall overflows; the doors are full, the galleries. The instruments tune. A dark-haired man steps upon the conductor's stand, he raises his baton; there is a hush, then half a hundred instruments pour forth the symphony.

[The overture, or some selection from the overture to "The Messiah," or the introductory accompaniment to the solo, may be played here, either strong and distinct, during a pause in the reading, or low, while the reading goes on.]

Dot listens. He has never heard such music before; he did not know that anything like it was ever heard on earth. It grew sweeter and sweeter :



Com - fort ye,

Did an angel speak? The instruments are sweeter now :



Com - fort ye, my peo-ple,

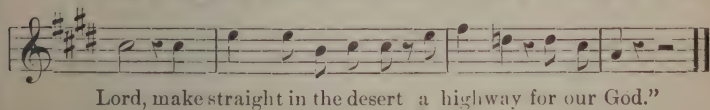
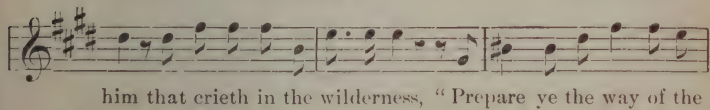
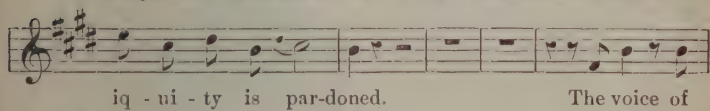
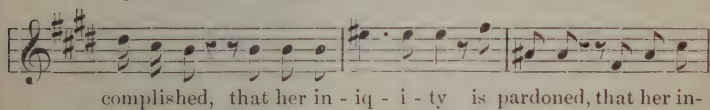
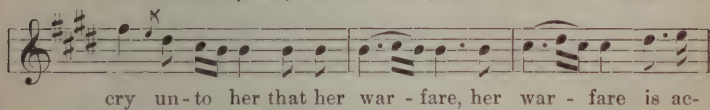
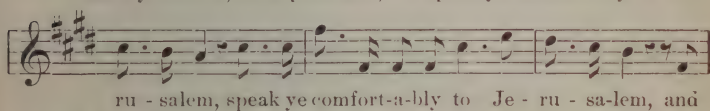
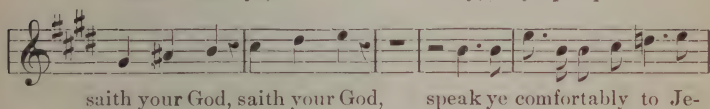
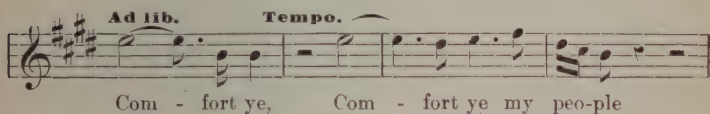
Did that voice come from the air?

Dot listens and wonders if this is earth :

COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE.

RECIT. *Accompanied.* (TENOR.)

Isaiah xl: 1, 2, 3.



Dot sees a tall man standing alone—in front of the musicians—is it he that is singing? Dot gazes upon his face with wide eyes. It



THE SOPRANO STOOD LOOKING STEADILY AT DOT.

is *he*—and *he* is the Tenor who had befriended him the night before.

What music followed when the chorus arose and sang :

"Every valley shall be exalted."

Dot hears the music sweep on, and he feels, as all feel, that the glorious Messiah is about to appear. He sees a lady in white satin and flashing jewels step forward ; he hears a ripple of applause, and a voice full of strength and feeling sings :

"O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God !"

(She sits down, the hall ringing with applause. She rises, bows, but she does not look toward the statue of Apollo, near which Dot is sitting.

Dot hears dreamy music now, more enchanting than any before it. The great audience do not stir, or move a fan or raise a glass. It grows more ethereal ; it seems now but a wavy motion in the air. He hears a lady near whisper :

"The Pastoral symphony."

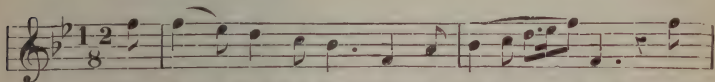
The Soprano had risen. She stands out from the great chorus—what a beautiful figure ! The dark haired man lifts his baton ; the lady turns her face toward the upper gallery. Her eyes wander for a moment ; they rest—on Dot.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young."

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD.

ARIA. (SOPRANO VOICE.)

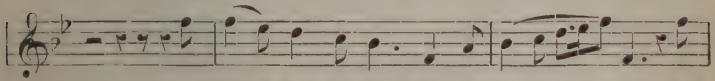
Isaiah xl : 11.



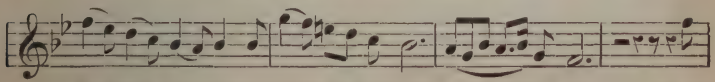
He shall feed his flock like a shep - herd, and



he shall gath-er the lambs with his arm, with . . . his arm,



He shall feed his flock like a shep - herd, and



he shall gather the lambs with his arm, with . . his arm, and

car - ry them in his bo - som, and gently lead those that
 are with young, and gently lead, and gen - tly lead those that
 are with young. Come un - to him all
 ye that la - bor, Come un-to him ye that are heavy la - den, and
 he will give you rest, Come un - to him all
 ye that la - bor, Come un-to him ye that are heavy la - den, and
 he will give you rest. Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him, for
 he is meek and low-ly of heart, and ye shall find rest, and
 ye shall find rest un - to your souls. Take his yoke upon you, and
 learn of him, for he is meek and low-ly of heart, and
 ye shall find rest, and ye shall find rest un - to your souls.

There was no applause now. Tears stood in the Soprano's eyes—tears stood in the eyes of every one. There was a deep hush and tears, and in the silence the Soprano stood looking steadily at—Dot.

There was a rustle in the hall—it grew. The silence was followed by a commotion that seemed to rock the hall. The applause gathered force like a tempest.

Then the beautiful lady looked toward Dot, and sang again the same wonderful air, and the hall grew still, and people's eyes were wet again.

The Hallelujah Chorus, with its grand fugues, was sung, the people rising and standing with bowed heads during the majestic outpouring of praise.

It is ended now—faded and gone. The great organ stands silent in the dark hall; the coaches have rolled away, the clocks are striking midnight.

"I have come to congratulate you before retiring," said the Tenor to the Soprano, as he stepped into the parlor of the Revere House. "To-night has been the triumph of your life. Nothing so moved the audience as '*He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.*'"

"Do you know to what I owed the feeling that so inspired me in that air?"

"No."

"It was poor little Dot in the gallery. You teach music, do you not?"

"Yes."

"You are about to open a school?"

"Yes."

"Give Dot a place as office boy—errand boy—something. It will lift a weight from my heart."

"I had thought of it. He has a beautiful voice."

"I might get him a place in the choir."

Fifteen years have passed. The old Handel and Haydn Society has sung "The Messiah" fifty, perhaps, sixty times. The snows of December are again on the hills. The grand oratorio is again rehearsing for the Sabbath evening before Christmas.

A new tenor is to sing on the occasion—he was born in Boston, has studied in Milan, and has achieved great triumph as an interpreter of sacred music in London and Berlin.

The old hall is filled again. The symphony has begun its dulcet

enchantment; the Tenor, with a face luminous and spiritual, arises, and with his first notes thrills the audience and holds it as by a spell.

"Comfort ye." [May be sung outside.]

He thought of the time when he first heard those words. He thought of the hearts whose kindness had made him a singer. Where were they? Their voices had vanished from the choirs of earth, but in spirit those sweet singers seemed hovering around him.

"Comfort ye, my people." [Tenor solo, as before.]

He looked, too, toward the Apollo on the wall. He recalled the limp bellows boy who had sat there sixteen years ago. How those words then comforted him! How he loved to sing them now!

"Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned." [Tenor solo, as before, outside.]

It was Dot.



MY FIRST SOLO.

(For Music see page 54.)

"And Marlowe will sing a bass solo."

My heart gave a bump, and then seemed to stop beating. It was the singing master's decision, and who do you suppose that Marlowe was? It was I.

The occasion on which it had been decreed that I should sing this bass solo was a concert for the purpose of adding books to the town public library. The concert was to be given by members of the village singing school, a most honorable effort, truly, and I—I was to sing a solo.

I never had felt the worth of life so before. It seemed as though I had been lifted out of the world, and set up above it on a mountain. 'Squire Jackson whispered to me something about "sustaining the dignity of my sudden elevation," words that seemed to me like golden eagles, especially the words "dignity" and "elevation."

After the school was over for the evening, I went to the master as modestly as my sense of my high position would admit, and asked: "Say, master, mister, what is that solo to be about that I am to sing?"

There was one piece in the singing book that was very remarkable. Only a person with a wonderfully deep bass voice could sing it. I went down, DOWN, DOWN. It was called "The Tempest," and it sounded like *thunder*. I mean that there were deep notes in it that sounded like thunder.

The master's answer came upon me like a clap of thunder, too—two claps of thunder. "Josiah," said he; he looked to me like Solomon—"Josiah, you may regard it as a compliment or not, but I have assigned to you 'The Tempest.'"

When he gave out to the Bowditch girls from the Seminary their pieces, I noticed that each of them asked, in a very learned-like manner, "Who is the composer?" So I resolved to "sustain the dignity of my sudden elevation," and asked: "Say master, mister, was that piece written by Handel?" "No," thundered the master mister.

"I don't suppose that he would have been able to handle such a thundering piece as that," I remarked modestly, and then went home to practice. I resolved to begin to practice that very night.

I merely remarked, on entering my home, that I had been assigned the place of the great "profundo basso" in the coming concert. I had heard the master use those words. My mother raised her spectacles, and said: "Massy Josiah," she added, "well, you mustn't get proud, Josiah." I said, "No, mother," and went to my room.

The piece was a tempest in itself. It commences:

"We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep."

I had been told that it was only the greatest singers that could go down into that *deep*; I mean to that word *deep*.

The piece goes on to say that it "is a fearful thing in winter" to be out to sea, and to hear the "rattling Captain;" no, that is not it; my mind is confused yet, for I never quite recovered from *that* night—the night when I sung "The Tempest," about which I am to tell you.

I have it now—it all comes to me; what a head I have got, after all:—

"'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder
Cut away the mast!"

I remember it all now, although it all went from me *then*.

I practiced every evening for weeks. My voice gained power, and I was able to take that low note that went down into the deep. I rehearsed the piece before the master in private, and he said, "Josiah, you did well," and at the "grand public rehearsal," as they called it, everybody seemed struck dumb with astonishment when I commenced that

"A storm was on the *deep*."

The accompaniment to that piece is mighty pretty in some parts, and very solemn in others. It sort of meanders along, as the school mistress used to say; then it quivers and makes you feel shaky, as though you had heard a clap of thunder a mile away from any house and had no umberilla.

Mary Pond was to play the accompaniment on the piano, and it

sounded so pretty that it was arranged that she should play it all through once, on the night of the concert, before I began to sing.

The night came.

Moon-light. Owls. Snow and sleighing. The whole town was there. When I came to see what a company there was, my heart began to feel large and heavy—sort of inflamed like, and my knees began to quiver.

My heart beat faster and faster, and my knees felt weaker and weaker until my turn came to sing.

"Josiah Marlowe will now sing 'The Tempest,'" said the master. I took up a singing book, and went upon the platform. Mary Pond, all dressed in white, sat down at the piano. O, that accompaniment!

(Play accompaniment here, see page 54.)

I can hear it now. It kind of soothed me at first, but when it began to quaver, I, too, began to shake. I opened my book to page 102; I was thunderstruck. The piece was *not* there. I had taken the wrong book. Never in my life have I known such a moment of horror as that. I seemed turned into marble.

The accompaniment was going on. I resolved to sink right into the middle of the earth, and give up all hope of everything. But the floor wouldn't open. Happy thought! I would sing from memory. So I began—

Sings

"We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep."

I went down into the deep easily. The audience was agitated and cheered me lightly with their feet.

I came up from the deep, and went on—

Sings

"'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear—"

(Accompaniment goes on.)

Here my mind failed, and the piece became all confusion, but the

accompaniment was going on. I made an uncertain effort, without paying any attention to the accompaniment—

Sings

“And to hear the rattling captain thunder.”

Great Scott! that was not it. I tried again—

Sings

“And to hear the thundering captain rattle.”

The piano stopped.

Silence.

“What did the thundering captain rattle?” asked ‘Squire Jackson, encouragingly.

I was about to answer “Cut away the ship,” when a feeling of utter despair came over me, and I said, “I’ve got the wrong book,” a strange thing for the rattling captain to say in a tempest, surely.

At that there was a great buzzing, sensation, uproar. Some were laughing. Some acted as if they were thunderstruck. Some cheered, and some stamped.

I took one stride—this way—and went off the platform, three steps down—this way—and took a few more strides—this way—and dropped the book, and seized my hat—this way—and I left, well, I need not show you how. No one who then heard me has ever asked me to sing a solo from that day to this.

The Tempest.

For Bass or Alto voice.

The musical score is written for a Bass or Alto voice and piano. It is in 4/4 time and the key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line begins with the lyrics "We were crowded in the cabin, Not a soul would dare to". The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a flowing eighth-note melody and a left hand with a simple harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes. The score is presented on three staves: the top staff for the voice, the middle staff for the right hand of the piano, and the bottom staff for the left hand of the piano.

Ad lib.

sleep; It was midnight on the waters, And a storm was on the

Colla voce.

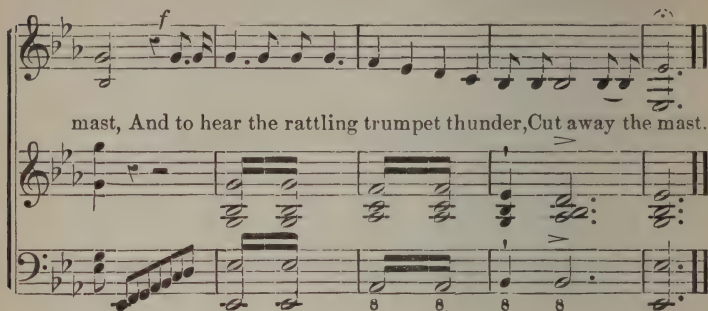
A tempo.

deep; 'Tis a fear-ful thing in winter, To be shattered by the

blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder, Cut a-way the

f

mast, And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder, Cut away the mast.



THE HARMONY CHIME.

Many years ago, in a large iron foundry in the city of Ghent, was found a young workman by the name of Otto Holstein. He was not nineteen years of age, but none of the workmen could equal him in his special department—bell casting or moulding. Far and near the fame of Otto's bells extended—the clearest and sweetest, people said, that were ever heard.

Of course the great establishment of Von Erlangen, in which Otto worked, got the credit of his labors; but Von Erlangen and Otto himself know very well to whom the superior tone of the bells was due. The master did not pay him higher wages than the others, but by degrees he grew to be general superintendent in his department in spite of his extreme youth.

"Yes, my bells are good," he said to a friend one day, who was commenting upon their merits; "but they do not make the music I will yet strike from them. They ring alike for all things. To be sure, when they toll for a funeral the slow measure makes them *seem* mournful, but then the notes are really the same as in a wedding peal. I shall make a chime of bells that will sound at will every chord in the human soul.

"Then wilt thou deal in magic," said his friend, laughing; "and the Holy Inquisition will have somewhat to do with thee. No human power can turn a bell into a musical instrument."

"But I can," he answered briefly; "and, Inquisition or not, I will do it."

He turned abruptly from his friend and sauntered, lost in thought, down the narrow street which led to his home. It was an humble, red-tiled cottage, of only two rooms, that he had inherited from his grandfather. There he lived alone with his widowed mother. She was a mild, pleasant-faced woman, and her eyes brightened as her son bent his tall head under the low doorway, as he entered the little room. "Thou art late, Otto," she said, "and in trouble, too," as she caught sight of his grave, sad face.

"Yes," he answered. "When I asked Herr Erlangen for an increase of salary, for my work grows harder every day, he refused it.

Nay, he told me if I was not satisfied, I could leave, for there were fifty men ready to take my place. Ready! yes, I warrant they're ready enough, but to be *able* is a different thing."

His mother sighed deeply,

"Thou wilt not leave Herr Erlangen's, surely. It is a little we get, but it keeps us in food."

"I must leave," he answered. "Nay, do not cry out, mother! I have other plans, and thou wilt not starve. Monsieur Dayrolles, the rich Frenchman, who lives in the Linden-Strasse, has often asked me why I do not set up a foundry of my own. Of course I laughed—I, who never have a thaler to spend; but he told me he and several other rich friends of his would advance the means to start me in business. He is a great deal of his time at Erlangen's, and is an enthusiast about fine bells. Ah! we are great friends, and I am going to him after supper."

"People say he is crazy," said his mother.

"Crazy!" indignantly. "People say that of everybody who has ideas they can't understand. They say I am crazy when I talk of my chime of bells. If I stay with Erlangen, he gets the credit of my work; but my chime must be mine,—mine alone, mother." His eyes lighted with a kind of wild enthusiasm whenever he talked on this subject.

His mother's cheerful face grew sad, as she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Why, Otto, thou art not thyself when thou speakest of those bells."

"More my real self, mother, than at any other time!" he cried. "I only truly live when I think of how my idea is to be carried out. It is to be my life's work; I know it, I feel it. It is upon me that my fate is woven inextricably in that ideal chime. It is God-sent. No great work, but the maker is possessed wholly by it. Don't shake your head, mother. Wait till my 'Harmony Chime' sounds from the great cathedral belfry, and then shake it if you can."

His mother smiled faintly.

"Thou art a boy—a mere child, Otto, though a wonderful genius, I must confess. Thy hopes delude thee, for it would take a lifetime to carry out thine idea."

"Then let it take a lifetime!" he cried out, vehemently. "Let me accomplish it when I am too old to hear it distinctly, and I will be content that its first sounds toll my dirge. I must go now to Monsieur Dayrolles. Wish me good luck, dearest mother." And he stooped and kissed her tenderly.

Otto did not fail. The strange old man in his visits to the foundry had noticed the germs of genius in the boy, and grown very fond of him. He was so frank, so honest, so devoted to his work, and had accomplished so much at his early age, that Monsieur Dayrolles saw a brilliant future before him. Besides, the old gentleman, with a Frenchman's vanity, felt that if the "Harmony Chime" *could* be made, the name of the munificent patron would go down to posterity with that of the maker. He believed firmly that the boy would some day accomplish his purpose. So, although the revolt of the Netherlands had begun and he was preparing to return to his own country, he advanced the necessary funds, and saw Otto established in business before he quitted Ghent.

In a very short time work poured in upon Otto. During that long and terrible war the manufacture of cannon alone made the fortunes of the workers in iron. So five years from the time he left Von Erlangen we find Otto Holstein a rich man at twenty-four years of age. But the idea for which he labored had never for a moment left his mind. Sleeping or waking, toiling or resting, his thoughts were busy perfecting the details of the great work.

"Thou art twenty-four to-day, Otto," said his good mother, "and rich beyond our hopes. When wilt thou bring Gertrude home to me? Thou hast been betrothed now for three years, and I want a daughter to comfort my declining years. Thou doest thy betrothed maiden a grievous wrong to delay without cause. The gossips are talking already."

"Let them talk," laughed Otto. "Little do Gertrude or I care for their silly tongues. She and I have agreed that the 'Harmony Chime' is to usher in our marriage-day. Why, good mother, no man can serve two mistresses, and my chime has the oldest claim. Let me accomplish it, and the remainder of my life belongs to Gertrude, and thou, too, best of mothers."

"Still that dream! still that dream!" sighed his mother. "Thou hast cast bell after bell, and until today I have heard nothing more of the wild idea,"

"No, because I needed money. I needed time, and thought, too, to make experiments. All is matured now. I have received an order to make a new set of bells for the great cathedral that was sacked last week by the 'Iconoclasts,' and I begin to-morrow."

"As Otto had said, his life's work began the next day. He

loved his mother, but he seemed now to forget her in the feverish eagerness with which he threw himself into his labors. He had been a devoted lover to Gertrude, but he now never had a spare moment to give her,—in fact, he only seemed to remember her existence in connection with the peal which would ring in their wedding-day. His labors were prolonged far over the appointed time, and meanwhile the internal war raged more furiously, and the Netherlands were one vast battle-field. No interest did Otto seem to take in the stirring events around him. The bells held his whole existence captive.

At last the moulds were broken, and the bells came out of their husks perfect in form, and shining as stars in Otto's happy eyes. They were mounted in the great belfry, and for the test-chime Otto had employed the best bell-ringers in the city.

It was a lovely May morning, and, almost crazed with excitement and anxiety, Otto, accompanied by a few chosen friends, waited outside the city for the first notes of the Harmony Chime. At some distance he thought he could better judge of the merits of his work.

He listens. (*Music of a distant chime.*)

The first notes are struck; clear, sonorous, and so melodious that his friends cried aloud with delight.

But with finger upraised for silence, and eyes full of ecstatic delight, Otto stood like a statue until the last note died away. Then his friends caught him as he fell forward in a swoon—a swoon so like death that no one thought he would recover.

But it was not death, and he came out of it with a look of serene peace on his face that it had not worn since boyhood. He was married to Gertrude that very day, but everyone noticed that the ecstasy which transfigured his face seemed to be drawn more from the sound of the bells than the sweet face beside him.

“Don't you see a spell is cast on him as soon as they begin to ring?” said one, after the bells had ceased to be a wonder. “If he is walking, he stops short, and if he is working, the work drops and a strange fire comes in his eyes; and I have seen him shudder all over as if he had an ague.”

In good truth, the bells seemed to have drawn a portion of Otto's life to them. When the incursions of the war forced him to fly from Ghent with his family, his regrets were not for his injured property, but that he could not hear the bells.

He was absent two years, and when he returned it was to find the cathedral almost a ruin, and the bells gone no one knew where. From that moment a settled melancholy took possession of Otto. He made no attempt to retrieve his losses; in fact, he gave up work altogether, and would sit all day with his eyes fixed on the ruined belfry.

People said he was melancholy mad, and I suppose it was the truth; but he was mad with a kind of gentle patience very sad to see. His mother had died during their exile, and now his wife, unable with all her love to rouse him from his torpor, faded slowly away. He did not notice her sickness, and his poor numbed brain seemed imperfectly to comprehend her death. But he followed her to the grave, and turning from it moved slowly down the city, passed the door of his old home without looking at it, and went out of the city gates.

After that he was seen in every city in Europe at different intervals. Charitable people gave him alms, but he never begged. He would enter a town, take his station near a church and wait until the bells rang for matins or vespers, then take up his staff, and sighing deeply, move off. People noting the wistful look in his eyes would ask him what he wanted.

"I am seeking,—I am seeking," was his only reply; and those were almost the only words anyone ever heard from him, and he muttered them often to himself. Years rolled over the head of the wanderer, but still his slow march from town to town continued. His hair had grown white, and his strength had failed him so much that he only tottered instead of walked, but still that wistful seeking look was in his eyes.

He heard the old bells on the Rhine in his wanderings. He lingered long near the belfries of sweetest voices; but their melodious tongues only spoke to him of his lost hope.

He left the river of sweet bells, and made a pilgrimage to England. It was the days of cathedrals in their beauty and glory, and here he again heard the tones that he loved, but which failed to realize his own ideal.

When a person fails to fulfill his ideal, his whole life seems a failure,—like something glorious and beautiful one meets and loses, and never again finds.

"Be true to the dreams of thy youth," says a German author; and every soul is unhappy until the dreams of youth prove true.

One glorious evening in midsummer Otto was crossing a river in Ireland. The kind-hearted boatman had been moved by the old

man's imploring gestures to cross him. "He's nigh his end, anyhow," he muttered, looking at the feeble movements of the old pilgrim as he stumbled to his seat.

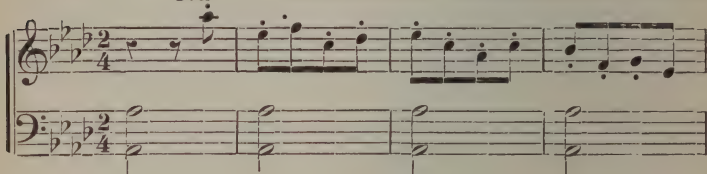
Listen! (*Chimes here.*)

Music for the Story "The Harmony Chime."

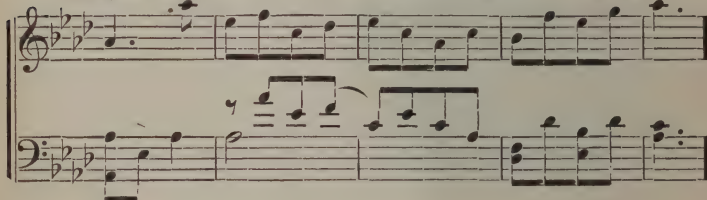
Staccato,

HATTON.

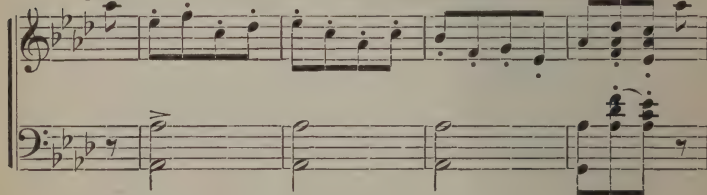
Sva~~~~~



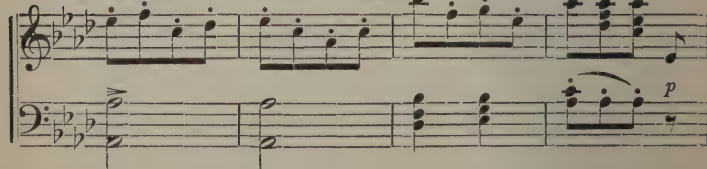
Sva.~loco.



Sva~~~~~



Sva~~~~~*loco.*



Cres. Dim. *p* Dim.

Sva

Sva Dim.

Repeat: playing low.

Through the still evening air comes the distant sound of a melodious chime.

It is sweet, wonderfully sweet. At the first note the pilgrim leaped to his feet and threw up his arms.

"O my God," he cried, "found at last!"

"It's the bells of the Convent," said the wondering man, not understanding Otto's words spoken in foreign tongue, but answering his gesture. "They was brought from somewhere in Holland when they were fighting there. Moighty fine bells they are, anyhow. But he isn't listening to me."

No, he heard nothing but the bells. He merely whispered, "Come back to me after so many years—O love of my soul, O thought of my life! Peal on, for your voices tell me of Paradise."

The last note floated through the air, and as it died away something else soared aloft forever, free from the clouds and struggles of life.

MRS. MARIE B. WILLIAMS.



THE DYING SCOUT AND "HER FIDDLE."

BY J. WINCHELL FORBES, FROM "THE MUSICAL VISITOR."

(A violin will be needed for this piece. No regular tune is to be played, just a "strumming" now and then, as suggested by the story.)

Tech it agin, Billy, kind o' soft like. Ye hain't got *her* fingers, but do the best ye kin. There—'pears like 'taint the same fiddle she used to sing with. Mebbe it's a mournin' arter her. 'Tain't no fault o' yourn Billy. It used to git obstropolous with the gal, for all I know the blamed thing was never easy 'thout she was a foolin' with it, and she had to twist them ar handles backards and forards right smart afore it ud mind her jist right.

Move yer fingers slow like, and it'll seem more like it wuz the gal. Queer? Yas, the naybers did talk thetaway at fust, and some o' the wimmen folks shuck their heads and said as how 'twas onnateral like fur a woman to fiddle, but they tuck it all back whey then heerd her, fur, Billy, ole pard, 'twan't no fiddlin' but jist some o' them angels a singin', and made a feller feel like he didn't wish no harm to nobody, sorter peaceful like, ye know. 'Twan't no *fiddlin'*, Billy. Chuck Kelly, he war in yisterday, and he tuck it off'n the wall, and started one o' them reg'lar fiddlin' tunes, but I couldn't bar it, Billy, I couldn't bar it. Seems kind o' foolish like, don't it? My blood jist biled, like it does, ye know, when ye see a feller abusin' a dumb critter. Ye wouldn't think it, but it sounded like a woman a cussin', and it sot me a wonderin' if the parsons wuzn't right arter all. They've got an awful misleadin' way o' puttin' things, but mebbe they mean right, ef a man's cussin' hurts the Lord's ears like that fiddlin' did ole Jack's, I'm sorry fur my sheer, though I didn't 'low ther wuz any hurt in't. I know'd as how Chuck didn't mean no harm, but I couldn't bar it. He hanged up the fiddle, and it's bin a rowin' to itself ever sense, and mebbe that's what ails it now. Soft like, Billy; don't tech it rough. She never did, and it allers minded her best. Some things kain't be driv, and she allers kind o' coaxed it.

Live with rough uns like us? Wall, 'twas sort o' odd one way, and t'other way 'taint. Ye see, the cussed 'Paches cleaned out the hull family but her. They wuz movers, and didn't 'low there wuz any danger in them goin' along a minding their own bizness, and

the blamed devils jist ketched 'em foul, and stampeded ther critters, and was massacreeing the hull caboodle when the boys got thar. Ye see, we heered the shootin' and knowed thar war devilment som'ers. A big butk hed the gal, an' wuz jest a goin' to lift her har, when ole Jack's bullet kind o' hinted the boys wuz a comin'. The gal, so she telled me, seed me when I drawed on him, and knowed as how 'twar ole Jack that saved her skelp. The boys hev allers hed a grudge agin the Lord fur not sendin' 'em sooner, but the gal, she knowed as how we wuzn't to blame, and somehow she froze to ole Jack more nor anybody. She wuz powerful sick arter it, but we nussed her through it, an' she got middlin' peart. The boys all chipped in, and wuz goin' to send her back to whar she belonged, but, Billy, she *wouldn't go*. She said as how she didn't hev nuthin' nor nobuddy any more, and she'd ruther stay whar her folks wuz planted. We wuz kind o' dumb-founded, for this ain't no place fur a born angel like that gal wuz, and so we telled her, but it didn't make no difference, she'd got her mind sot to stay. We planted her folks Christian-like, and I did my best prayin'. I reckon the Lord war satisfied, fur he knowed I war in arnest, mebbe more'n a reg'lar parson. Ye see, I didn't make no *bizness* uv it. I 'lowed t'war best to let the Lord settle the 'count without any dickerin'. Wall, Dot, thet's the gal, she war one 'o them State's gals, raised out whar wimmen is so pesky thick they cain't yarn an honest livin' nateral like, and hev to go to doctorin' and sich like, so tain't no way surprisin' thet the gal didn't take to reg'lar wimmen's work, and larned to make music. She couldn't help it, Billy, no more'n she could bein' pooty and gittin' all the boys stuck arter her. The good Lord thet she used to talk reg'lar to made her thetaway, and I reckon it ud bin a sure enough sin to go agin natur.

She played music on the piany, too, one o' them big boxes with little jigamarees in front to steer the music with. I never seed one, Billy, no more'n you, but Dot she telled me about 'em. Jist keep your fingers movin', old pard, 'tain't 'zactly like her, but I feel kind o' easy like when I hear it a singin'. I'm going whar she is afore long, and she says as how the music is jist a goin' all day, an' ye don't hev nuthin' to do but jist hear it. Somehow, it don't seem jist right fur an onery cuss like ole Jack to camp with sure enough angels, but the gal said as how thet's the way it ud be. She wuz sweet an' lovin' like with us, and the parson says as how the Lord is marciful more'n we kin understand, an' mebbe Dot's right, but he's got to throw off a powerful sight, I

reckon, to squar ole Jack's 'count. Howsomdever, ef he *did* make every buddy, he's sartain sure to know the kind o' timber he puts in 'em, and seems like he's 'sponsible ef it's pethy in the heart, and breaks when the strain comes. Dot says as how we're some kind o' agents, and kain't shirk it all off on the boss, but ef a feller don't do nothin' to nobody 'cept what he'd jist as leif they'd do to him, it'll be all right. Pooty near every word that gal said war a sarmon, Billy, and we might 'a knowed she war only making this camp a tradin' post like on her way to the kentry whar the Lord hez his headquarters. I'm powerful sorry you warn't here, to git kind o' sanctified, like the rest on us. That's why ye don't hear no more cussin'. It's all along o' the gal. We never reckoned no harm in it till she telled us, and we seed it hurt her when she heered it. Trouble to stop it? Billy, I kain't laugh, but I orter. *You* never seed the gal. I'll jist 'low ther ain't a boy thet knowed her but what ud cut his tongue out by the ruts ef he couldn't make it talk to please *her*. She's done kivered up in the 'dobe now, but we recommember what she said, and do as much fur the Lord, as we did for her and, Billy, the gal knows it. Sartain sure, she an' the parson kain't both be mistook, and she's a lookin' at us and a hearin' us, every word up thar, Billy, higher nor the clouds. It's a powerful ways to whar the King lives, but they kin see us just the same. Yas, her buddy's in the 'dobe, an' her lovin' eyes is jist rottin' away like she war nuthin' but a dumb critter or clump o' weeds, but she telled me all about afore she went. Dot says as how this yer buddy uv ourn ain't nuthin' but a shuck. It's the soul what's inside som'ers that counts. She 'lows thet this yer soul, az they call it, does all the thinkin' and plann'in fur a feller, and it don't never git old, or tired, or sick, like the buddy, which it ain't nuthin' but the shuck that the soul grows in, and falls off nateral-like when it gits ripe, ef the red varmint don't pull it off afore. I ain't no scholard, and cain't jist figure it out like the vally uv a load o' bar pelts, but I believe the gal jist the same. 'Pears like thar's two musics, Billy. Be you makin' 'em? One's kind o' soft and sweet like the gal's, and one's like yourn. I cain't see good. It's gittin' time fur the boys, I reckon. They gin'allly 'low to be home 'bout dark. Reckon I'm gittin' sleepy, Billy. Jist put Dot's fiddle along side o' my cheek, so I kin feel it. There, that's all—Billy! Oh, yas, that's all right—say, Billy—I'm a heerin' uv the—the music—but Billy—it ain't yourn—it's the *gal*, Billy—I—I—see her—she's a smilin'—oh, *so* pooty—Yas, I'm a comin', leetle gal—I'm a co—.

THE BOATMEN OF THE RHINE.

WITH ZITHER.

FROM "ZIG ZAG JOURNEYS."

I.

The boatmen strike lightly the zither
As they drift 'neath the hillsides of green,
But gone from the Rhine is the palgrave,
And gone is the palgravine.
Play lightly, play lightly, O boatman,
When the shadows of night round thee fall,
For the lights have gone out in the castle,
The lights have gone out in the hall.
And the Rhine waters silently flow,
The old bells ring solemn and slow,
O boatman,
Play lightly,
Play lightly,
O boatman, play lightly and low.

II.

Awake the old runes on the zither,
O boatman the lips of the Rhine
Still kiss the green ruins of ivy,
And smile on the vineyards of wine.
Play lightly, play lightly, O boatman,
When the shadows of night round thee fall,
For the lights have gone out in the castle,
The lights have gone out in the hall.
And the Rhine waters silently flow,
The old bells ring solemn and slow,
O boatman,
Play lightly,
Play lightly,
O boatman, play lightly and low.

III.

The lamps of the stars shine above thee
 As they shone when the vineyards were green.
 In the long vanished days of the palgrave,
 In the days of the palgravine.
 Play lightly, thy life tides are flowing,
 Thy fate in the palgrave's recall,
 For the lights have gone out in the castle,
 The lights have gone out in the hall.
 And the Rhine waters silently flow,
 And the old bells ring solemn and slow,
 O boatman,
 Play lightly,
 Play lightly,
 O boatman, play lightly and low.

[*Play before first verse and during reading.*]

Music in the Air.

5 10	5 10	5 10	5 10	6 11	5 10	4 9	4 9	4 9	4 9	5 10
4 9	3 8 (Repeat)	4 6	6 8	6 11	4 6	3 5	5 8	8 10	8 10	
7 9	5 7	4 5	5 9	5 8	3 5	4 6	6 8	6 11	4 6	3 5
5 8	8 10	8 10	8 10	8 10	7 9	4 7	4 5	3 8		

[*Play before second verse and during reading.*]

Then You'll Remember Me.

5	6	7	11	11	11	10	9	8	8	7	6	8	7	9	8	5	6	7	11	11	11	10	9	8	8	7
6	6	10	9	5	10	9	7	5	5	5	8	8	9	10	10	10	7	8	7	10	5	7	11	11	11	
10	9	8	8	7	6	8	7	6	5	12	11	10	9	8	5	10	9	8								

[*Play before third verse and during reading.*]

Auld Lang Syne.

5 8 8 8 10 9 8 9 10 8 8 10 12 13 15 13 12 10 10 8 9 8 9 10 9 8 6 6 5 8
13 12 10 10 8 9 8 9 13 12 10 10 12 13 15 13 12 10 10 8 9 8 9 10 9 8 6 6 5 8

Or

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

8 9 10 15 14 13 12 10 8 9 10 12 10 9 8 8 8 9 10 15 14 13 12 12 10 8 9
10 12 10 9 8 8 1 12 10 15 14 13 12 12 10 12 10 15 14 13 14 12 8 9
10 15 14 13 12 12 10 8 9 10 12 10 9 8 8 1



GREAT ORPHEUS WAS A FIDDLER BOLD.

A RECITATION FOR A VIOLIN PUPIL.

[*The pupil plays a light popular humorous air after the recitation of each stanza.*]

I.

Great Orpheus was a fiddler bold,
 And all the world could please, sir ;
 Both man and beast he led, I'm told,
 And likewise all the trees, sir.
 From stones he'd conjure tears and smiles,
 The mountains 'd shake with laughter,
 And if he walked some hundred miles
 They all would follow after.

(*Violin, some popular air.*)

II.

Like Orpheus, I'm a fiddler bold,
 And all the world would please, sir ;
 They do not follow as of old,
 Oh, no, they run away, sir.
 A multitude I'd soon disperse.
 Be gathered ne'er so many,
 They'd hurry off, and, what is worse,
 Not leave behind a penny.

(*Violin.*)

III.

You, ask sir, is the fault in me,
 Or in the altered times, sir,
 That thus with little sympathy
 They hear my notes sublime, sir.
 A ready answer I have not,
 To solve the curious riddle,
 But this I know, if rich I'd got,
 I'd soon hang up my fiddle.

(*Violin.*)

OXENFORD.

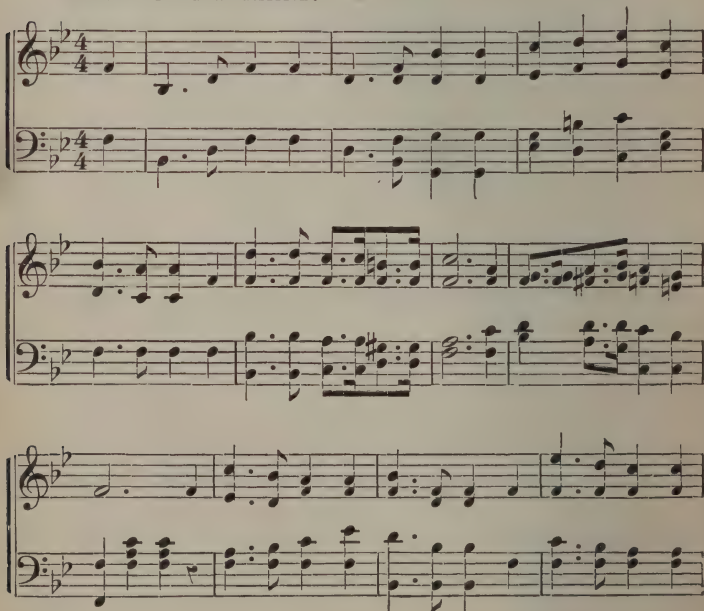
OUR BROTHER LANDS.

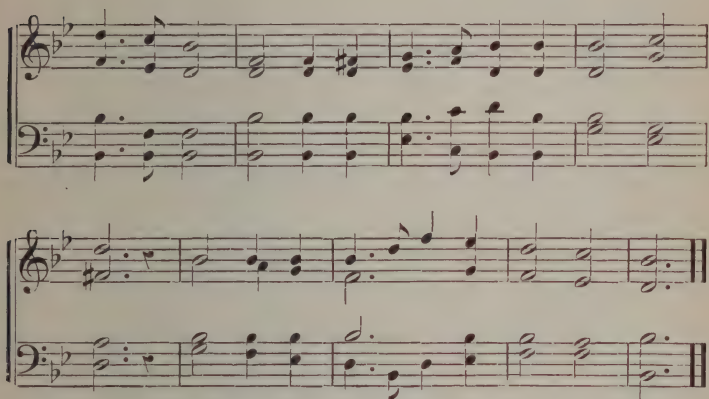
INTRODUCING POPULAR NATIONAL MELODIES.

[DIRECTION.—*Play the melodies low during the reading. Let the reader repeat in a jovial way the supposed answer of the representative of each nationality after each verse, and the music increase in volume and vigor during the repetition.*]

Play "Watch on the Rhine" as an introduction, and play the same low during the reading of first stanza.

WATCH ON THE RHINE.





Reading.

I.

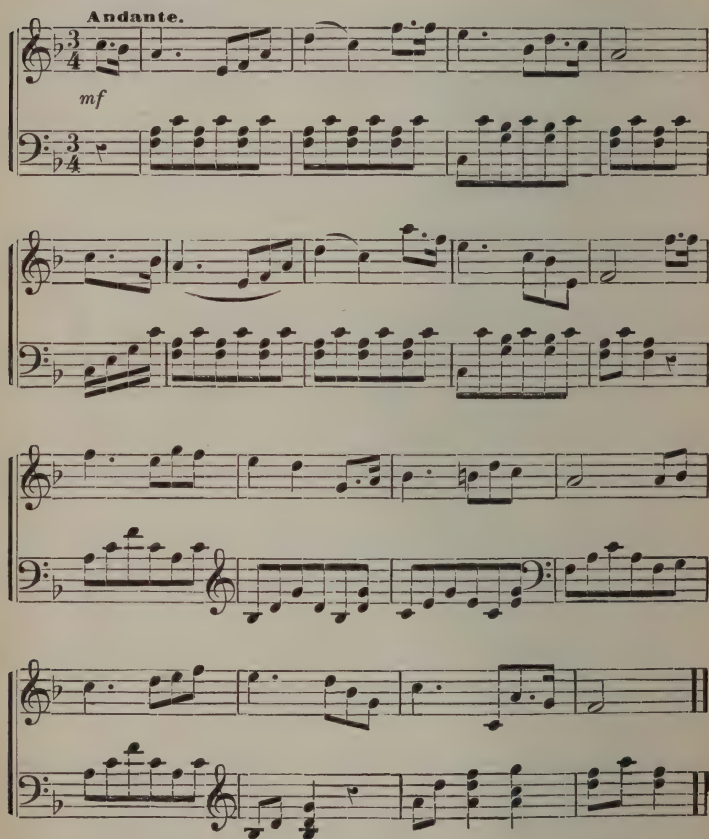
I stood beside the Rhine,
 The night was falling dark ;
 The student clubs were singing
 In the gardens and the park.
 Then said the young Bavarians,
 " Join our chorus if you can."
 But I could only answer them,
 " Ich bin American."
 " Ich bin American ?
 Bravo America !
 It is our brother land,
 Bravo America !
 She's the country of the free,
 The friend of every man ;
 Here's a heart and hand for thee,
 Er ist American."

Play "Alpine Horn," or any Swiss melody, low, during the reading.

ALPINE MELODY.

Andante.

mf



Read.

II.

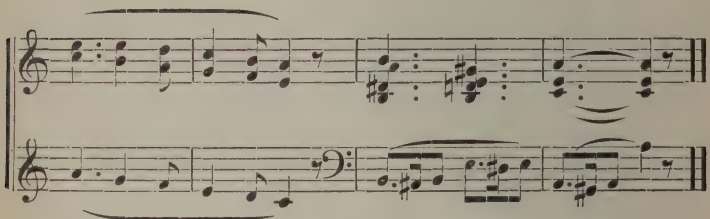
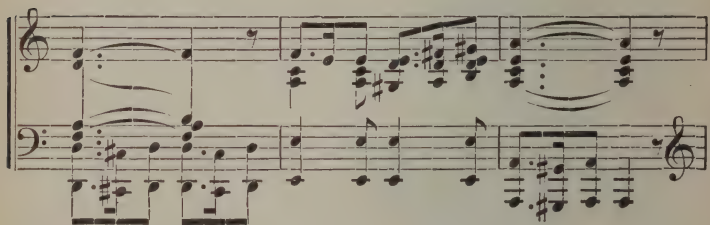
I saw the snowy Alps
By sunset bridges spanned,
And over fair Lucerne
Night stretched her jewelled hand.

“ Sing with us the Edelweiss,”
 And the Alpine song began,
 But I could only answer them,
 “ Je suis American ! ”
 “ Je suis American ?
 Viva America !
 It is our brother land,
 Viva America !
 She’s the country of the free,
 The friend of every man ;
 Here’s a heart and hand for thee,
 Il est American.”

Play any Italian boat song, or this music.

NEAPOLITAN SONG.

The musical score for the Neapolitan Song is presented in three systems. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 6/8 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble and chords in the bass. The second system continues the melody with some longer notes and rests. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs.



Read.

III.

In Italy's deep lakes
 We dipped our silvered oars,
 And cleft the shadowy peaks
 That were glassed from Como's shores.
 "Sing for us a barcarole,"
 Said the boatmen on the way.
 "Sono Americano,"
 Was all that I could say.
 "Sono Americano?"
 Viva America !

It is our brother land,
 Viva America !
 She's the country of the free,
 The friend of every man ;
 Here's a heart and hand for thee,
 Lui American ! "

Play "How Can I Leave Thee."

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo hairpin. The third system features piano (*p*) and pianissimo (*pp*) dynamics. The fourth system includes forte (*f*) and piano (*p*) dynamics. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

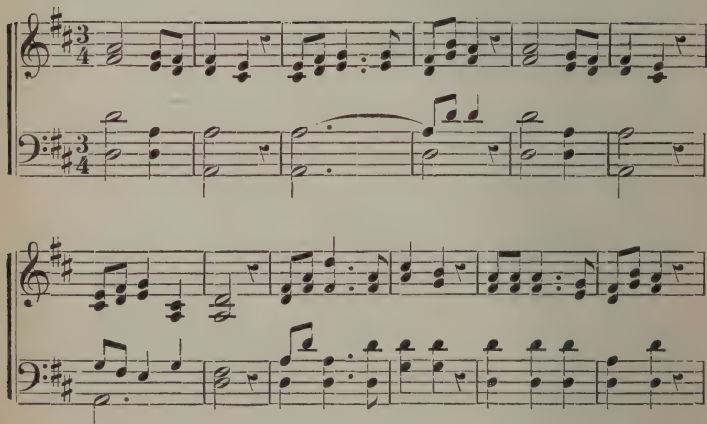
Read.

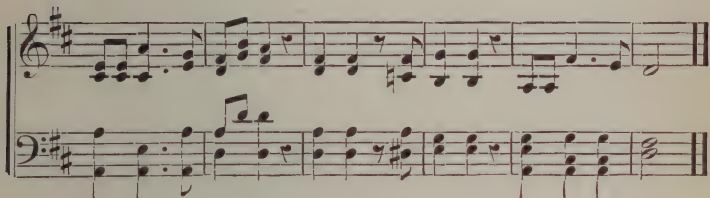
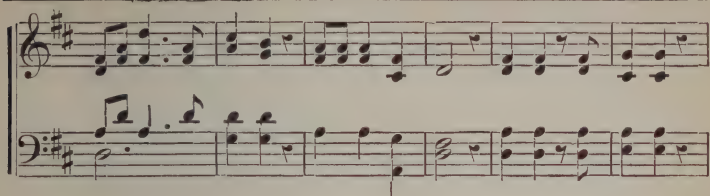
IV.

From terraces of Basle
I gazed o'er Jura's plain ;
They were singing the old ballads
Of Alsace and Lorraine.
Then said the gay Alsatians,
"Sing for freedom if you can,"
But I could only say again,
"Je suis American."
"Je suis American ?
Viva America !
It is our brother land,
Viva America !
She's the country of the free,
The friend of every man ;
Here's a heart and hand for thee,
Il est American."

Play "Juniata."

JUANITA.





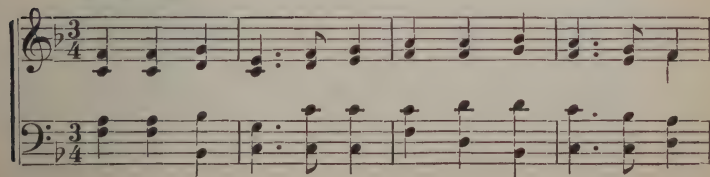
Read.

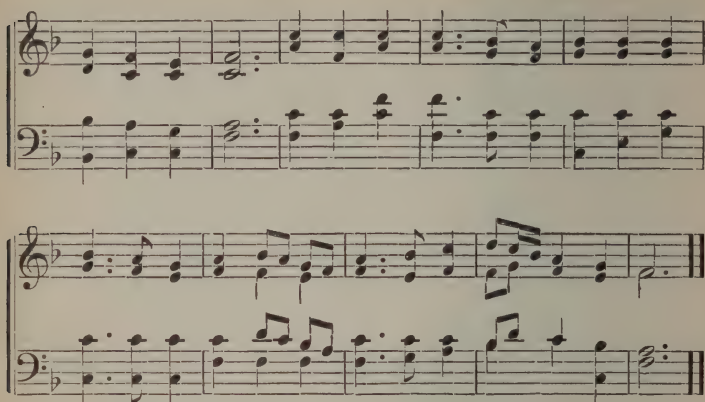
v.

Above Granada's towers
 High rose the sun of night ;
 And on the Darro's wave
 They rowed to music light.
 They called me to the merry throng ;
 I sadly turned away.
 "Yo soy Americano,"
 Was all that I could say.
 "Yo soy Americano ?
 Viva America !
 It is our brother land,
 Viva America !
 She's the country of the free,
 The friend of every man ;
 Here's a heart and hand for thee,
 El es American !"

Play "America."

AMERICA.





Read.

VI.

He may wander by the Rhine,
 He may wander by the Rhine,
 In the old and storied lands
 Of Alp or Apennine ;
 But wherever be his way,
 Royal greetings wait the man
 Whose honest lips can say,
 " I am American."
 Il est American,
 Viva America !
 Er ist American,
 Bravo America !
 Brother hearts and brother hands
 Shall welcome him afar ;
 For all lands are the brother lands
 Of our own America.

—"Zig Zag Journeys."

THE BUGLER.

WORDS BY FRED. E. WEATHERLY, M.A. MUSIC BY CIRO PINSUTI.

[The bugle blast may be imitated by pipe organ where a real bugle cannot be used.]

Read.

I.

The bugler paced thro' the driving snow,
By the frozen river to watch the foe ;
Behind him in camp his comrades lay,
Wounded and spent from the morning's fray !
His orders ran, " When thou seest the foe,
Three loud blasts on thy bugle blow ; "
Those were his orders ; he'd kept them well,
Gallantly, faithfully, till he fell.

Sung by Male voices.

Meno mosso grandioso.



- | | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Stead - y and slow, | Pac - ing the snow, | Stal - wart old |
| 2. There in the snow, | Li - eth he low, | Gal - lant old |
| 3. There let him rest, | He shall be blest, | Gal - lant old |



bu - gler, watching the foe! Stead - y and slow, Pac - ing the
bu - gler, shot by the foe! There in the snow, Li - eth he
bu - gler, bravest and best! There let him rest, He shall be



snow,	Stalwart old	bu - gler, watch - ing the	foe!
low,	Gal-lant old	bu - gler, shot by the	foe!
blest,	Gal-lant old	bu - gler, brav - est and	best!

II.

The wind blows cold from the frozen tide ;
Hark ! hark ! the foe on the other side ;
Across the ice they are marching fast,
And the bugler blows a stirring blast !
And now ! and now ! they are at the shore !
Loudly the bugle rang once more ;
He raised his bugle again to blow,
A shot from the enemy laid him low.

See music on previous page.

III.

He raised himself in the blood-stained snow,
And proudly he faced the coming foe,
He seized his bugle and, hark, that sound ! (*bugle*)
One grand, long blast, and fell to the ground.
His comrades came when the fight was past,
They found him clasping his bugle fast.
Dead at his post, in the ice and snow,
His old face turned as he met the foe.

See music on previous page.



OLD SABBATH SONGS.

FOR CHURCH OR SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERTS.

[DIRECTIONS.—Read sitting, except during the singing of the solos of "*Departed Days*." Let the pianist or organist play "*Departed Days*" as an introduction to the reading. A small chorus will sing the hymns, except the solos of "*Departed Days*."]]

I.

Fair church of Yule, whose ancient tower before me,
In azure air, stands by the dimpling sea,
The evening music of thy bell floats o'er me,
And boyhoods scenes brings back to memory.

II.

The far sea rolls as it has rolled forever,
The stars, fair islands of the sea of God,
Come back to view, but my lost boyhood never
Will come back again. Here in my youth I trod

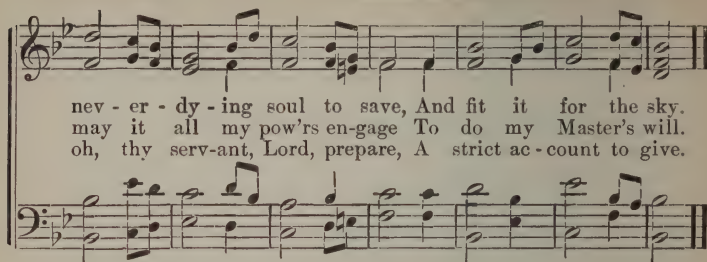
III.

The holy Sabbath-ways with feelings tender,
The Spirit seeking—witness of the word,
And oft amid the summer twilight's splendor
As I drew near, this solemn song I heard :

(Sung by reader or chorus.)

Slow.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill, Oh,
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live, And



nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Master's will.
 oh, thy serv-ant, Lord, prepare, A strict ac-count to give.

IV.

This old prayer room ! What countless aspirations
 Have here been cherished, changing life to good !
 What deep repentance, what divine elations,
 What strength of faith, what ties of brotherhood !

V.

We cannot see them, for our eyes are holden—
 The Spirit's struggles ; heaven will make them known,
 Like David's treasures, changed to lilies golden,
 On the white temple's coronals of stone.

VI.

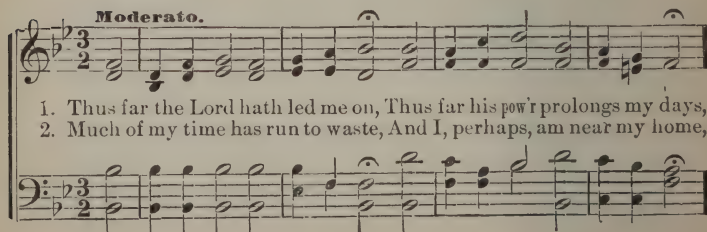
What souls have struggled for the o'ercoming power
 To crush the evil, and the good to win,
 And strong faith found to meet the fateful hour,
 And change to strength the conflict hard with sin !

VII.

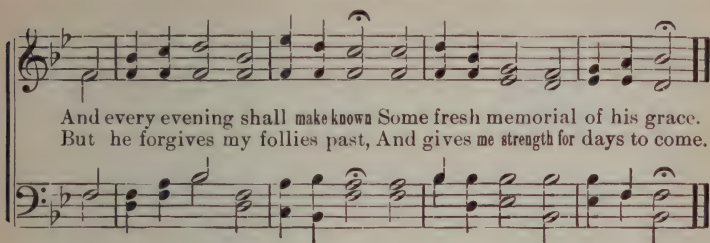
Fair church of Yule, to thee again returning,
 Where are the aged forms I used to meet ?
 The lamp above the sacred desk is burning,
 And still I hear the old hymn—oh, how sweet !

Chorus.

Moderato.



1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home,



VIII.

My heart is changed—in simple faith and gladness
Here once I came with spirit undefiled,
And now I come with penitence and sadness—
Oh, that my heart was now as when a child!

IX.

Would that my Master I had followed nearer,
And all my years been as my childhood's were;
Then were my eyes to heavenly visions clearer,
That earth has blinded with the dust of care.

X.

I enter—where are those I used to follow?
Some rest forever 'neath the moss and fern;
The springtime comes with airy flower and swallow,
But they, alas, will never more return.

XI.

Balm breathing Junes to old home farms returning
Bring them not here—the world for them is still,
Or when the crystal winter's stars are burning,
Or sings the thrush on yon embowered hill.

XII.

And some who here once cherished aspirations
To serve the Master's cause with heart and hand,
Their church homes find in some far destinations,
Or by the blue lakes, or the Rio Grande.

XIII.

I wait the hour of song, and as I listen
 A song comes to me from departed years;
 I feel the tear-drops on my eyelids glisten,
 For spirit voices seem to fill my ears—

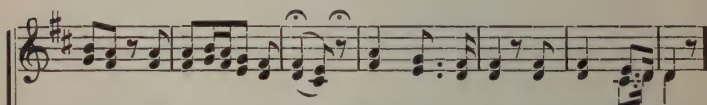
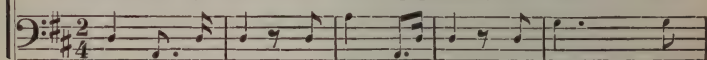
Chorus softly.

Palestine. L. M.

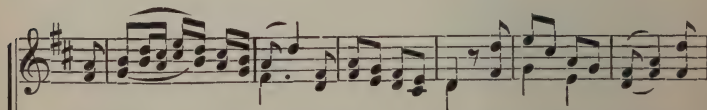
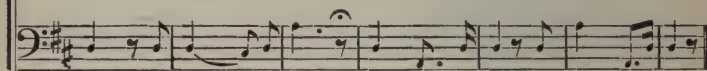
MAZZINGHI.



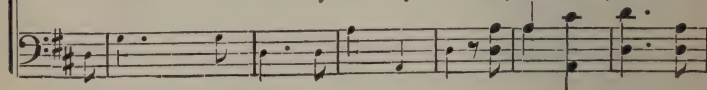
1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan, Hath taught these
 2. Come, free-ly come, by sin op-pressed, Un-bur-then

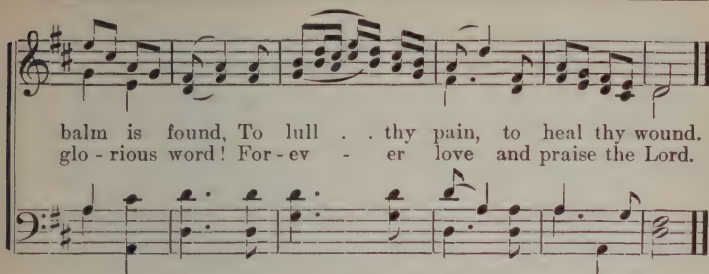


rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
 here thy weight-y load; Here find thy ref-uge and thy rest,



And let . . thy tears for-get to flow; Be-hold the precious
 And trust . the mer-cy of thy God; Thy God's thy Sav-ior,





XIV.

Old Sabbath songs, ye call me back to duty !
I hear old voices through thee sweetly breathe,
And yet again the Spirit in its beauty
Christ's message whispers—"I will thee receive."

XV.

Return, my heart, to things that never perish,
From hopes that end to those immortal wake !
Heed thou the words of those thou used to cherish,
The path of age thy path of childhood make.

XVI.

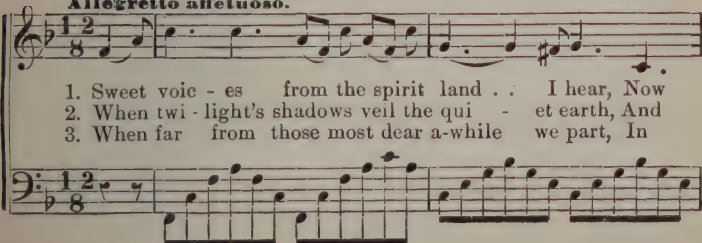
My mother' voice, I seem to hear it calling ;
My father's voice, I seem to hear it still ;
My sister's hand—the moonlight soft is falling
Upon their silent graves on yonder hill.

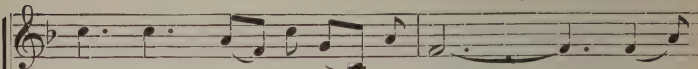
XVII.

The white-haired pastor, he with them is sleeping,
The friends I loved that I no more shall see,
Hark ! as my lips grow tremulous with weeping,
The air seems full of sweetest melody—

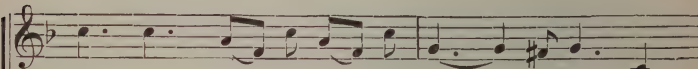
Departed Days.

Allegretto affetuoso.



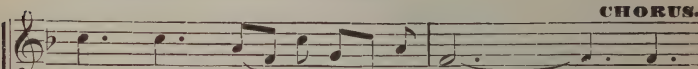


breath - ing pure and ho - ly lays, With
ear - ly stars be - deck the sky, When
stran - ger lands to find a home, When

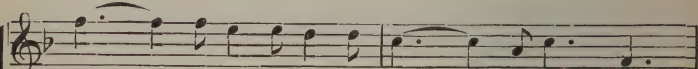


heav'n - ly tones a - wak - ing mem - 'ries dear, Of
friends are gathered round the home - stead hearth, And
long and wea - ry days op - press the heart, And

CHORUS.



loved and long de - part - ed days. They
cares of day are pass - ing by.
in the throng we walk a - lone.



còme, . . beloved ones, from the dis - tant shore, Where

joy . . illumines with golden rays, And

soft - ly in each sorrowing heart they pour Sweet

mem - 'ries of de - part - ed days. . . . *

* Last Chorus very soft and low.

XVIII.

Fair church of Yule, whose ancient tower above me
 In azure air stands near the dimpling sea,
 Gone are the hearts I met that used to love me
 And I must bid a long farewell to thee.

XIX.

Then pass, ye years, and change, ye love-lit faces,
 Again I feel the force of faith sublime,
 New light again life's smoking flax replaces,
 And heaven appears above the steps of time.

Chorus.

Triumph. 10s.

REV. A. D. MERRILL.

1. { Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly on-ward I move, Bound for the land of bright
 { An - gel-ic choristers sing as I come, "Joyful-ly, joy - ful-ly
 2. { Friends fondly cherished have passed on before, Waiting, they watch me ap-
 { Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom, "Joyful-ly, joy - ful-ly

spir - its a - bove; }
 haste to thy home." } Soon, with my pilgrimage end-ed be - low,
 proaching the shore; }
 haste to thy home." } Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;

Home to the land of bright spirits I go; Pilgrim and stranger no
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear! Rings with the harmony

more shall I roam, Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly rest - ing at home.
 heaven's high dome, "Joyful-ly, joy - ful-ly haste to thy home."

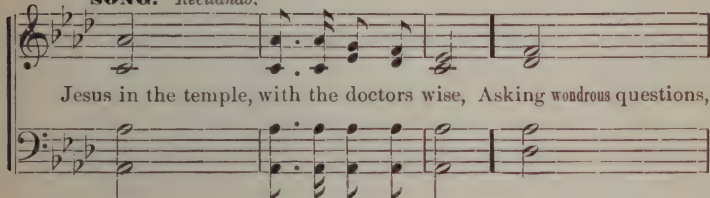
WHAT DID JESUS SAY?

WORDS BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. MUSIC BY GEO. F. ROOT.

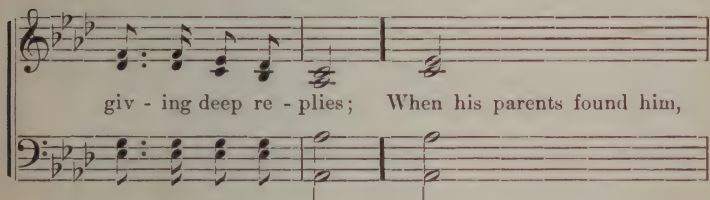
(From THE PRIZE, by permission.)

[The recitations may be read, or may be recited by scholars, either singly or in classes. It will be very useful to commit these portions of Scripture to memory, and the school might ask and answer these questions, in sections or classes, or individuals might be appointed to do so. It is too long to be performed without some variety of this kind.]

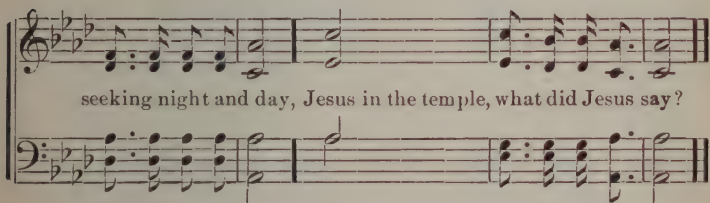
SONG. *Recitando.*



Jesus in the temple, with the doctors wise, Asking wondrous questions,



giv - ing deep re - plies; When his parents found him,



seeking night and day, Jesus in the temple, what did Jesus say?

Recitation.

And He said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? *Luke ii: 40.*

II.

Song.

At the well of Jacob, | resting by its | brink,
Bidding the Samaritan | give to him to | drink,
When she asked of Jesus | where men ought to | pray,
At the well of Jacob, | what did Jesus | say?

Recitation.

Jesus saith unto her, The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshiper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. *John iv : 21, 23.*

III.

Song.

On the sea of Galilee, | when the storm was | high,
Save us, Lord! we perish! | his disciples | cry :
While they marvel greatly, | as the winds o- | bey,
On the sea of Galilee | what did Jesus | say ?

Recitation.

He saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith ? Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. *Matt. viii : 26.*

IV.

Song.

Coming unto Bethany, | meeting, full of | gloom,
Martha, mourning Lazarus, | lying in the | tomb,
Of the Resurrection, | and the last Great | Day,
Coming unto Bethany, | what did Jesus | say ?

Recitation.

Jesus saith unto Martha, thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life. *John xi : 23-25.*

V.

Song.

Weeping o'er Jerusalem, | city of the | King,
Whom he would have gathered | 'neath his loving | wing,
Mourning for her children, | going all a- | stray,
Weeping o'er Jerusalem, | what did Jesus | say ?

Oh ! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not ! *Matt. xxiii : 37.*

Song.

VI.

From that cross of sorrow, | ere his soul went | up,
As he drank the fullness | of the bitter | cup,
Looking on his enemies, | in their dark ar- | ray,
From that cross of sorrow, | what did Jesus | say?

Recitation.

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. *Luke xxiii: 34.*

Song.

VII.

On the hills of Heaven, | in the world a- | bove,
Where the little children | learn His wondrous | love;
All their sins forgiven, | in that blessed | day,
On the hills of Heaven, | what will Jesus | say?

Recitation.

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. *Matt. xxv: 34.*

[Let the answer be repeated as follows, in full chorus, to close with.]

Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa-ther, in-her-it the

king-dom pre-pared for you from the founda-tion of the

world, from the foundation of the world. A - men.

THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

WORDS BY MARY MARK-LEMON. MUSIC BY CIRO PINSUTI.

(*Children's voices.*)

Read.

Over the old cathedral,
The shadows gather fast;
The voices of the singers
Proclaim the day is past.
But the children's song is sadden'd,
Their eyes with tears are bright,
For one sweet voice is missing
Amid their ranks to-night,
But the words he loved the best,
From faltering voices come,
As they sing the oft-sung hymn :

Sung by children in a gallery or ante-room.

Rall. **Andante Religioso.**

"Not far, not far . . not far . . from

Rall. **f Grandioso.**

f **Dim.** *p*

Home! Not far . . . not far from Home!"

f **Dim. e Rall.** *p* **Rit.**

Read.

The dying sunbeams linger,
 Amid the twilight grey,
 And angel hosts are bearing
 The holy psalm away.
 They float thro' an open window,
 And shed a golden light
 On tired eyes fast closing,
 To dreams of earthly sight,
 And the words he lov'd the best,
 From distant voices come,
 As he sings just once again :

Sing.

Andante Religioso.
Dolciss.

"Not far, not far, . . . not

pp **Due pedali.**

far . . . from Home! . Not far

R. H.

L. H.

Dim. *pp e Rall.*

. not far

Dim. *pp Rall.*

from Home!"

Rall. **A tempo.**

Read.

Over the old cathedral,
The golden sunbeams fall,
Upon a crown of flowers,
Over an empty stall.
And the children's voices tremble
With a tender, sweet refrain,
For the voice whose pleading sweetness
They listen for in vain.
But the words he lov'd the best,
From angel voices come,
As they lay him down to rest :

[Sing above music.]



FARMER TOLLEY'S WONDERFUL SCARECROW.

HUMOROUS—INTRODUCING THE OLD RUSTIC DITTY, "THE FARMER."

Singing.

1. You see the farmer in his field, etc.,
2. And then he comes and ploughs the grounds, etc.



1. You see the farmer in his field, in his field, in his field, You



see the farmer in his field, So ear - ly in the morn-ing.

- 2 And then he comes and ploughs the ground,
Ploughs the ground, ploughs the ground,
And then he comes and ploughs the ground,
So early in the morning.
- 3 And then he comes and sows the seed,
Sows the seed, &c.
- 4 And then he harrows and covers it o'er, &c.
- 5 And then the gentle showers come down, &c.
- 6 The weather is hot, and the wheat grows up, &c.
- 7 The reaper comes, and he cuts it down, &c.
- 8 He bundles it up, and cries "Harvest Home," &c.
- 9 The mill goes round, and grinds the grain, &c.
- 10 The baker comes with his bread to sell, &c.
- 11 The flour he takes to make it well, &c.
- 12 And into the oven he shoves it well, &c.

And thus the happy farmer lives,
All day and in the morning.

*The Caps indicate the Base to be used.

Reading.

"Caw! caw! caw!"

"Whoa!" said Farmer Tolley. The team stopped. Farmer Tolley leaned on the plough-handle, and looked up to a clear space in the sky, which was as cerulean as a sea.

"Caw! caw! caw!"

There were light clouds drifting across the blue expanse, driven by the warm western winds, and between the earth and sky there was flying a dark object—a solitary crow.

"Caw! caw! caw!"

"Yes, I hear ye," said Farmer Tolley. "Come to pull up my corn this year before it is planted. I know you of old. I declare it is too bad! Go lang!")

Not far from the field where the farmer was ploughing was a swamp. In winter, when it was frozen and "sledding" was good, the farmers worked there, cutting their summer's wood. But as soon as spring came, it was a miry bog. The great trees rise as from countless mossy islands. No one could penetrate it after April during the warm season, except when there was a drought. In this watery solitude, on the tops of the tall pines, the crows made their nests.

(Farmer Tolley glanced up) from the neat furrow the plough was turning to see where the dark object was going. The black sails of the pirate of the air swept before the warm winds towards the pines in the deepest bogs of the swamp.

"I declare it is too bad!" reiterated the farmer. "Too bad! Just like your relations waitin' round fer your property before you die. Go lang!"

At the end of the furrow the farmer stopped his team, and went to the well-sweep in the dooryard for some water. While the well-pole was descending, his wife came to the door.

"Sophia, what do you think? I've seen *that* crow again."

"Show! You don't say so, Pelick?" Farmer Tolley's Christian name was Peleg.

"Sure as you're alive, I have!")

"Do you think, Pelick, it was *the* same one?"

"Yes; he knew me, and spoke to me from the sky, just as though I had been one of the old prophets, and he'd been sent to try my patience. Blast him; it is too bad!"

"Do you think it was the same one what pulled your corn so last year, Pelick?"

"The same one, Sophia.) Pulled the whole field up, so that I had to plant it all over again. When I had gone away to the Four-Days' Meetin', and as a delegate, too! I shan't go this year, if they elect me.) That crow did me well-nigh on to fifty dollars' damage. I don't know but a hundred."

Farmer Tolley tipped the bucket on the stone well-curb.

'Don't you want I should bring you out the dipper, Pelick, or a tumbler, or somethin'?' "

"No, I can use the bucket just as well."

'Well, Pelick, I don't know what you'll do."

Peleg went back to his team.)

The note of the bluebirds fluted through the mild air; the woodpecker tapped the trees; a flock of wild geese, honking, sailed along the sky; the fields and woods were full of pleasant sounds, that told that the season was changing, and Farmer Tolley would have been happy but for the warning voice of that terrible crow.

(That evening, after milking and doing the chores, he sat down by the fire, for the evenings were yet somewhat long and cool, and took up the agricultural journal.)

'Pelick," said his good wife,) "what do you think I found? (There's a piece in that paper about crows.")

"Where, Sophia?"

"Let me take the paper, and I will find it for you. *There*, Pelick."

(Farmer Tolley adjusted his spectacles, and began to read.)

The cat climbed into his lap, and rubbed against the paper with a faint mew.

"You get down, puss. Let me read this. (*Sophia!* Sophia, I say! It says here, Prof. Solomon, one of these great professors that arranges the planets, and all them things, I suppose, it says, he says, Sophia, that the crow never alights *beneath* an object of which he is afraid.) Just you listen a moment: 'It is a fact well known to ornithologists that a crow never alights *beneath* any object of which it is afraid. Hence scarecrows should be erected high in the air, like barrels on tall poles, etc.) The New England custom of *stringing* the fields is for this reason very effective.' (Stands to reason, that is so, Sophia. Folks are discoverin' almost everything nowadays.")

Farmer Tolley stroked the cat. He was a very guileless, tender-hearted man. It must have been a very mean kind of a crow to have pulled *his* corn, when he had "gone away to the Four-Days' Meetin' as a delegate, too!"

After the bluebirds came the robins; after the robins, the martins; after the martins, the orioles, and then it was planting-time.

Singing.

[*See music on page 98.*]

3. And then he comes and sows his seed, etc.
4. And then he harrows and covers it o'er, etc.
5. And then the gentle showers come down, etc.
6. The weather is hot, etc.

Reading.

(One day when Farmer Tolley was industriously dropping corn and rejoicing in the sunshine, a black shadow swept across the row, like a partial eclipse, and his feet were arrested by a familiar voice,—

“Caw! caw! caw!”

“You black wretch!” said Farmer Tolley. “I’ll fix you! You go along with your caw! caw! cawin’! Wait till I get up my scientific scarecrow! *That* will make your eyes stick out. You won’t do as ye did last year, when I set up my straw man. Kept a-comin’ a little nearer, and a little nearer, and a little nearer, and finally, one damp day, you dropped down and lit upon his head. But I’ve got ye this year! There’s nothin’ that’s like science.”)

The peach-boughs reddened with blossoms, the pear trees became white as snow. Then the orchard burst into bloom, like hills of roses. There were burning bushes in all the roadsides and pastures. Then planting time was over.

The bobolinks came, and tender blades of corn began to form geometrical lines in the brown fields.

Just at this time, when there were damask mornings, and dewdrops on every leaf and blade of grass, and the clover was incense, and the roses were filling, as cups with wine, (a wonder appeared in Bonneyville such as the oldest inhabitant had never seen.)

It was in Farmer Tolley’s corn-field.

(In the middle of the said field there was a rock. It was on this rock that the wonder appeared.)

It consisted of the figure of a man, or rather of a giant, (as though one of the champions of the aboriginal races had come back to behold the advances that science was making in the world. The effigy held in its hand a tall pole, and on the top of the pole was an *open umbrella*.)

(The farmer had set up this effigy one day at nightfall; it was on the evening of the first day that he discovered that his corn was beginning to break through hills.)

On the morning after this gigantic apparition was made to lift up its umbrella thus high in the air, Farmer Tolley rose early, and took his milking-pails, and went out to milk his four thrifty cows. But the thought of his scarecrow, constructed after Prof. Solomon's plan, so excited his curiosity that he put down his pails, and walked briskly towards the corn-field. He sat down there under a tree by the wall, and viewed with satisfaction and amazement the creation of his own hands, which loomed above the sprouting field under the protecting umbrella.

The crow was also up early.

From the far-off pine-tops in the inaccessible bogs, there came an exclamation of wonder.

"Caw! caw! caw!" with a flapping of glossy wings.

"Haw! haw! haw!" said the farmer, slapping his hands on his knees; "so you see it, do ye? I can take a little rest after plantin' time this year, thanks to Prof. Solomon. Haw! haw! haw!"

When the neighbors saw the apparition they, also, as well as the crows, were greatly surprised. They stopped by the bars to look at it. Horses saw it from the road and were frightened. The selectmen met and talked about it. Was it safe? It might cause a skittish horse to run, or take the sense away from some nervous woman or child.

The sagacious farmer's corn came up well, and rejoiced in the sunshine of the glowing days. The farmer surveyed it with pride, and the crow with envy from afar off. When the ill-omened bird flew over that field he flew high; as though, seized by a better inspiration, he was ascending towards the sun.

A third or fourth morning after the giant with the lofty umbrella had been placed upon the rock, Farmer Tolley again visited his field. The crow, also, had made a short excursion in that direction, and was contemplating the giant from a tree on the edge of the swamp.

"Caw! caw! caw!" he called, as he saw the farmer crawling through the bars of the promising field.

"You don't say so!" said the farmer. "Got along as far as you dare to, haven't ye? You see it, don't ye? How that corn is comin' up!"

The next morning brought to the farmer a further surprise. On going to the field, he found that the crow had arrived there before

him, and was surveying the greenery from a tall white birch that rose from a corner in the wall.

The farmer stopped short when he first saw the black object swaying in the wind from the lithe top of the white birch tree. He was thinking at that time of the wonderful advancement that knowledge was making in fields of discovery and in ascertaining the real relations of things, and he was rather humiliated at the suspicion that the crow also might have become a scientist and be making progress as well.

In these days of advancing knowledge, the good parson called to see Peleg with an important message.

"I've been talking with the committee, Peleg, and they are unanimous that you shall go as the delegate to the June meeting this year. You had a rather hard experience last year on account of that crow, but Deacon Holden says that he will get his little boy to watch your field this year. He thinks that he cannot go, anyhow."

"I shall not need any one to watch my field *this* year, parson. I have been studying science, and I have set up a contrivance that would terrify the boldest servant of the Prince of the power of the air—I mean, figuratively, that crow. Go out to the field with me, parson, and I will show you one of the most wonderful sights that you ever set eyes on! All the neighbors are talking about it!"

The parson and Farmer Tolley passed through the orchard towards the field. The flaky apple-blossoms drifted upon the breeze and whited the emerald turf.

"This is a wonderful age in which we are living, parson; steam-cars and telegraphs and balloons, and pumps and things. There is one thing, parson, that you can always trust, and—that—is—Science!"

The corn-field came into view with the colossal image erected to science under the aegis of the lofty umbrella.

"There, parson, what do you think of that?"

"Caw! caw! caw!"

"Massy, parson! where *did* that crow fly from? Rose right up out of the ground, like. Let's go and see if anything has touched the corn."

The geometry of the field was found to be perfect at every point.

"Peleg," said the parson, "science has many sides to it. You can not trust a new principle of science until you know the whole of it and it is wholly proven. There are discoveries and discoveries."

"The principle of this discovery," said Peleg, "is that no crow ever lights underneath an object of which it is afraid. Now, any crow would be afraid of such an object as *that*, it stands to reason. That's so, parson, every time. Therefore that there field is just as much protected and just as safe as though there was never a crow in all the wide world. That's what you would call logic, parson."

"Yes, Peleg, but in these great logical questions one wants to be sure that his *premises* are correct. That crow knows more than you think he does, Peleg, and I would not leave a field of mine like that without watching at this time of year without I was perfectly sure that my science and logic were perfectly correct. I wouldn't put any man's theory against that crow. He may have a theory of his own before you get back, Peleg. When a crow gets over being scared at an object he becomes wonderfully tame and bold. My father once had a tame crow that would steal his shoe strings out of his shoes when he was eating at the table. Theories are good things to work by, Peleg, but a man is accountable for the exercise of his good common-sense. 'Prove all things,' the wise man said. Science is notscience, and logic is not logic, unless you're sure."

Peleg and Sophia went to the June meeting. On the morning before Peleg started for this gathering of excellent, thrifty, well-ordered people, which was appointed to take place in a little white church on the green of a neighboring town, he walked proudly over the corn-field which had become like a rippling sea of green. The thrushes were singing in the woods, and the robins in the orchards and door-yard trees.

"There is music everywhere," said Peleg.

A dreadful discord broke upon, or rather into, the choral harmonies of the woods and orchards and ancestral trees.

"*Young* crows, I do believe," said Peleg. "A whole family of them. Almost grown up, too. How lucky I am to have a scarecrow like *that*!"

The June meeting proved delightful to Peleg and Sophia. There was nothing selfish in Peleg's soul, and he related to several farmers, who were delegates, the achievements of science as illustrated by his wonderful scarecrow.

The day of his return was rainy. He remarked to Sophia that they had need of the umbrella which was protecting the giant in the corn-field. The latter certainly stood in no danger of rheumatism or catarrh.

"Never mind, Peleg," said Sophia; "It is doin' great service where it is."

Immediately on his return, Peleg visited his corn-field. He stopped at the bars. The crow did not greet him from the tree-tops, but, could it be? there was a black gulf in the sea of green. It was near the wonderful giant, who was still holding the open umbrella boldly above his head. The crow had surely been at work there.

Farmer Tolley walked slowly toward the desert in the late beautiful expanse. It was raining very hard.

As he approached the vacant space, his feet were arrested by a sound that made his lower jaw fall and his knees tremble. It came from the umbrella.

"Caw, caw, caw!"

Out from under the umbrella darted a dreadful object with wings like night, wildly ejaculating, "Caw, caw, caw!"

The farmer paused.

"I never!"

There was a commingling of Plutonian sounds inside of the umbrella—a wail as from an orphan-asylum. Presently out flew a young crow.

Then another!

And another!

And a fourth!

They followed their mother, making a long, solemn procession through the windy, watery air. The poor things had lost their umbrella, but not their mother.

Farmer Tolly stood like one petrified. The collapse of science and logic and theory all in a moment, as it were, seemed to him like blowing away the world on which his feet of faith were planted. But he had not been gaining will-power during the June meeting to fall into a passion on the very day of his return. He recalled, too, what his prudent parson had said about not being over confident in a theory unless you are sure that all the premises are correct and well proved.

He only said, mildly,—

"I'll tell Sophia of that."

And he added, philosophically,—

"When one plan does not work well, I've always noticed that the best way is to try another."

The next day the farmer removed the giant and the tall umbrella from the corn-field.

On the morning after the disappearance of the airy knight, a very innocent-looking scarecrow appeared upon the very identical rock

where science had met such a signal defeat. To the outward eye, it was a figure of a man holding in his two hands a gun after the manner of a soldier presenting arms. Only Sophia knew the terrible secret contained in that immobile-looking figure.

The crow was up betimes on that morning, and beat its way through the sea of gray mist mingled with sunbeams to the lithe birch-tree in the corner of the field.

"Caw, caw, caw!"

The figure stood like a statue.

The brains of birds, like all brains, have their limitations; and to the crow's limited philosophy, that figure could not be a man. Corvus swung up and down on the tree-top in the billowy mist, and now and then added its bass notes to the sweet choruses of birds that encircled the field. Then he glided gently down on level wings into the middle of the field.

"BANG!"

Did ever a scarecrow fire a gun before?

If ever there was an astonished member of the raven family, it was that one; astonished not only that a scarecrow should fire a gun, but that the effect should be so harmless. It took the lucky bird but a moment to recover its wings, and the way the latter propelled a break-fastless body through space was something remarkable in the achievements of aerial velocity. The beguiled bird left the field in the dim distance before the echoes of the gun had ceased to die away among the pines.

Then the scarecrow walked towards the farm-house, and had a talk with Sophia.

The summer came, and the autumn powdered the autumn leaves, burned to gold. The purple swallows left the eaves; the partridge fluttered about the walls of the corn-lands, and at last the wild geese again crossed the changing sky. The farmer raised a noble crop of corn that year.

[*Let the reader wink knowingly at the audience, and sing the ditty in an over-wise, comical way:*]

The reaper comes, etc.

He bundles it up, etc.

The mill goes round, etc.

—*Youth's Companion.*

RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY.

[*Let a bell be struck in an ante-room before the words "Toll Slowly." A bar of steel or glass goblet may be so struck as to imitate a bell. The bell strikes in each stanza, and the reader turns toward the sounds and says: "Toll slowly."*]

To the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the sun,
(*Toll slowly*)

And the oldest ringer said, "Ours is music for the dead,
When the rebecs are all done."

On the east I sate that day, up against a willow gray,
(*Toll slowly*)

Through the rain of willow-branches, I could see the low hill-ranges,
And the river on its way.

There I sat beneath the tree, and the bell tolled solemnly,
(*Toll slowly*)

While the trees' and river's voices flowed between the solemn noises—
Yet death seemed more loud to me.

THE RHYME.

Broad the forests stood (I read) on the hills of Linteged ;
(*Toll slowly*)

And three hundred years had stood mute adown each hoary wood,
Like a full heart having prayed.

And the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west ;
(*Toll slowly*)

And but little thought was theirs of the silent antique years,
In the building of their nest.

Down the sun dropt large and red on the towers of Linteged,—
(*Toll slowly*)

Lance and spear upon the height, bristling strange in fiery light,
While the castle stood in shade.

And five hundred archers tall did besiege the castle wall,
(*Toll slowly*)

And the castle seethed in blood, fourteen days and nights had stood
And to-night was near its fall.

Yet thereunto, blind to doom, three months since, a bride did come,
(*Toll slowly*)

One who proudly trod the floors, and softly whispered in the doors,
"May good angels bless our home."

'Twas a duke's fair orphan-girl, and her uncle's ward—the earl,
(*Toll slowly*)

Who betrothed her twelve years old, for the sake of dowry gold,
To his son, Lord Leigh, the churl.

But what time she had made good all her years of womanhood,
(*Toll slowly*)

Unto both these lords of Leigh spake she out right sovrانly,
"My will runneth as my blood.

"And while this same blood makes red this same right hand's veins,"
she said,
(*Toll slowly*)

"'Tis my will as Lady free, not to wed a lord of Leigh,
But Sir Guy of Linteged."

Unto each she bowed her head, and swept past with lofty tread.
(*Toll slowly*)

Ere the midnight-bell had ceased, in the chapel had the priest
Blessed her, bride of Linteged.

But a three months' joyance lay 'twixt the moment and to-day,
(*Toll slowly*)

When five hundred archers tall stand beside the castle-wall
To recapture Duchess May.

And the castle standeth black, with the red sun at its back ;
(*Toll slowly*)

And a fortnight's siege is done ; and, except the duchess, none
Can misdoubt the coming wrack.

Then the captain, young Lord Leigh, with his eyes so gray of blee,
(*Toll slowly*)

And thin lips that scarcely sheath the cold, white gnashing of his
teeth, Gnashed in smiling, absently,

Cried aloud, "So goes the day, bridegroom fair of Duchess May !"
(*Toll slowly*)

"Look thy last upon that sun ! if thou seest to-morrow's one
'Twill be through a foot of clay."

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,

(Toll slowly)

Oh, and laughed the Duchess May, and her soul did put away
All his boasting, for a jest.

In her chamber did she sit, laughing low to think of it,—

(Toll slowly)

"Tower is strong, and will is free; thou canst boast, my Lord of
Leigh; But thou boastest little wit."

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west;

(Toll slowly)

On the tower the castle's lord leant in silence on his sword,
With an anguish in his breast.

With a spirit-laden weight did he lean down passionate;

(Toll slowly)

They have almost sapped the wall,—they will enter therewithal
With no knocking at the gate.

"These shall never die for me," said Sir Guy despairingly.

(Toll slowly)

"And if I die here apart, o'er my dead and silent heart

' They shall pass out safe and free.

'When the foe hath heard it said, 'Death holds Guy of Linteged,'"

(Toll slowly)

"That new corse new peace shall bring, and a blessed, blessed thing
Shall the stone be at its head.

"Then my friends shall pass out free, and shall bear my memory;"

(Toll slowly)

"Then my foes shall sleek their pride, soothing fair my widowed
bride, Whose sole sin was love of me.

"With their words all smooth and sweet, they will front her, and en-
treat,"

(Toll slowly)

"And their purple pall will spread underneath her fainting head
While her tears drop over it.

"She will weep her woman's tears, she will pray her woman's
prayers;"

(Toll slowly)

"But her heart is young in pain, and her hopes will spring again
By the suntime of her years.

"One last boon, young Ralph and Clare: faithful hearts to do and dare."
(*Toll slowly*)

"Bring that steed up from his stall, which my bride kissed 'fore you all, Guide him up the turret-stair."

"Ye shall harness him aright, and lead upward to this height :"
(*Toll slowly*)

"Once in love, and twice in war, hath he borne me strong and far :
He shall bear me far to-night."

Then from out her bower chambère, did the Duchess May repair :
(*Toll slowly*)

"Tell me now what is your need," said the lady, "of this steed,
That ye goad him up the stair?"

"Get thee back, sweet Duchess May ! hope is gone like yesterday :"
(*Toll slowly*)

"One-half hour completes the breach ; and thy lord grows wild of
speech— Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray !

"In the east tower, high'st of all, loud he cries for steed from stall :"
(*Toll slowly*)

"He would ride as far," quoth he, "as for love and victory,
Though he rides the castle-wall."

Then the good steed's rein she took, and his neck did kiss and stroke:
(*Toll slowly*)

Soft he neighed to answer her, and then followed up the stair
For the love of her sweet look.

Oh, and steeply, steeply wound up the narrow stair around,
(*Toll slowly*)

Oh, and closely, closely speeding, step by step beside her treading,
Did he follow, meek as hound.

On the east tower, high'st of all,—there, where never a hoof did fall,
(*Toll slowly*)

Out they swept, a vision steady, noble steed and lovely lady,
Calm as if in bower or stall.

Down she knelt at her lord's knee, and she looked up silently,
(*Toll slowly*)

And he kissed her twice and thrice, for that look within her eyes
Which he could not bear to see.

Quoth he, "Get thee from this strife, and the sweet saints bless thy life!"
(*Toll slowly*)

"In this hour I stand in need of my noble red-roan steed,
But no more of my noble wife."

Quoth she: "Meekly have I done all thy biddings under sun"
(*Toll slowly*)

"But by all my womanhood, which is proved so, true and good,
I will never do this one.

"Now by womanhood's degree and by wifehood's verity,"
(*Toll slowly*)

"In this hour, if thou hast need of thy noble red-roan steed,
Thou hast also need of *me*."

Twice he wrung her hands in twain; but the small hands closed again.
(*Toll slowly*)

Back he reigned the steed—back, back! but she trailed along his
track—With a frantic clasp and strain.

Evermore the foemen pour through the crash of window and door,
(*Toll slowly*)

And the shouts of Leigh and Leigh, and the shrieks of "Kill!" and
"Flee!" Strike up clear amid the roar.

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain; but they closed and clung
again,
(*Toll slowly*)

While she clung, as one, withstood, clasps a Christ upon the rood,
In a spasm of deathly pain.

She clung wild, and she clung mute, with her shuddering lips half
shut;
(*Toll slowly*)

Her head fallen as half in swoond, hair and knee swept on the
ground, She clung wild to stirrup and foot.

Back he reined his steed back-thrown on the slippery coping-stone;
(*Toll slowly*)

Back the iron hoofs did grind on the battlement behind,
Whence a hundred feet went down.

And his heel did press and goad on the quivering flank bestrode,—
(*Toll slowly*)

"Friends and brothers save my wife! Pardon, sweet, in change for life; But I ride alone to God."

Straight, as if the holy name had upbreathed her like a flame,
(*Toll slowly*)

She upsprang, she rose upright, in his selle she sate in sight
By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast, where she smiled as one at rest,—
(*Toll slowly*)

"Ring," she cried, "O vesper-bell, in the beechwood's old chapelle,
But the passing-bell rings best!"

They have caught out at the rein which Sir Guy threw loose, in vain;
(*Toll slowly*)

For the horse, in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air,
On the last verge rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between, and his nostrils curdle in;
(*Toll slowly*)

Now he shivers head and hoof, and the flakes of foam fall off,
And his face grows fierce and thin;

And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go;
(*Toll slowly*)

And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony
Of the headlong death below;

And, "Ring, ring, thou passing-bell," still she cried, "i' the old
chapelle!"
(*Toll slowly*)

Then back-toppling, crashing back, a dead weight flung out to
wrack, Horse and riders overfell.

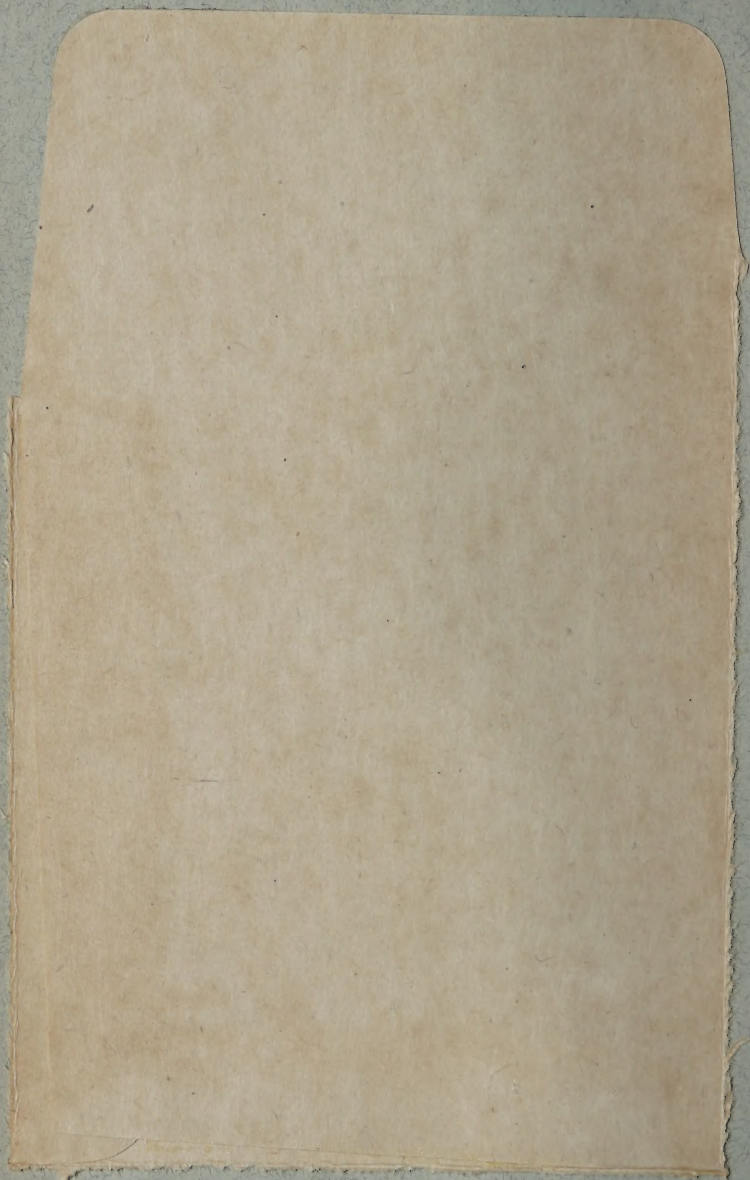
Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
(*Toll slowly*)

And I read this ancient Rhyme in the churchyard, while the chime
Slowly tolled for one at rest.

4.

4.

6



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